

The Bohemian

378.05
B

1913

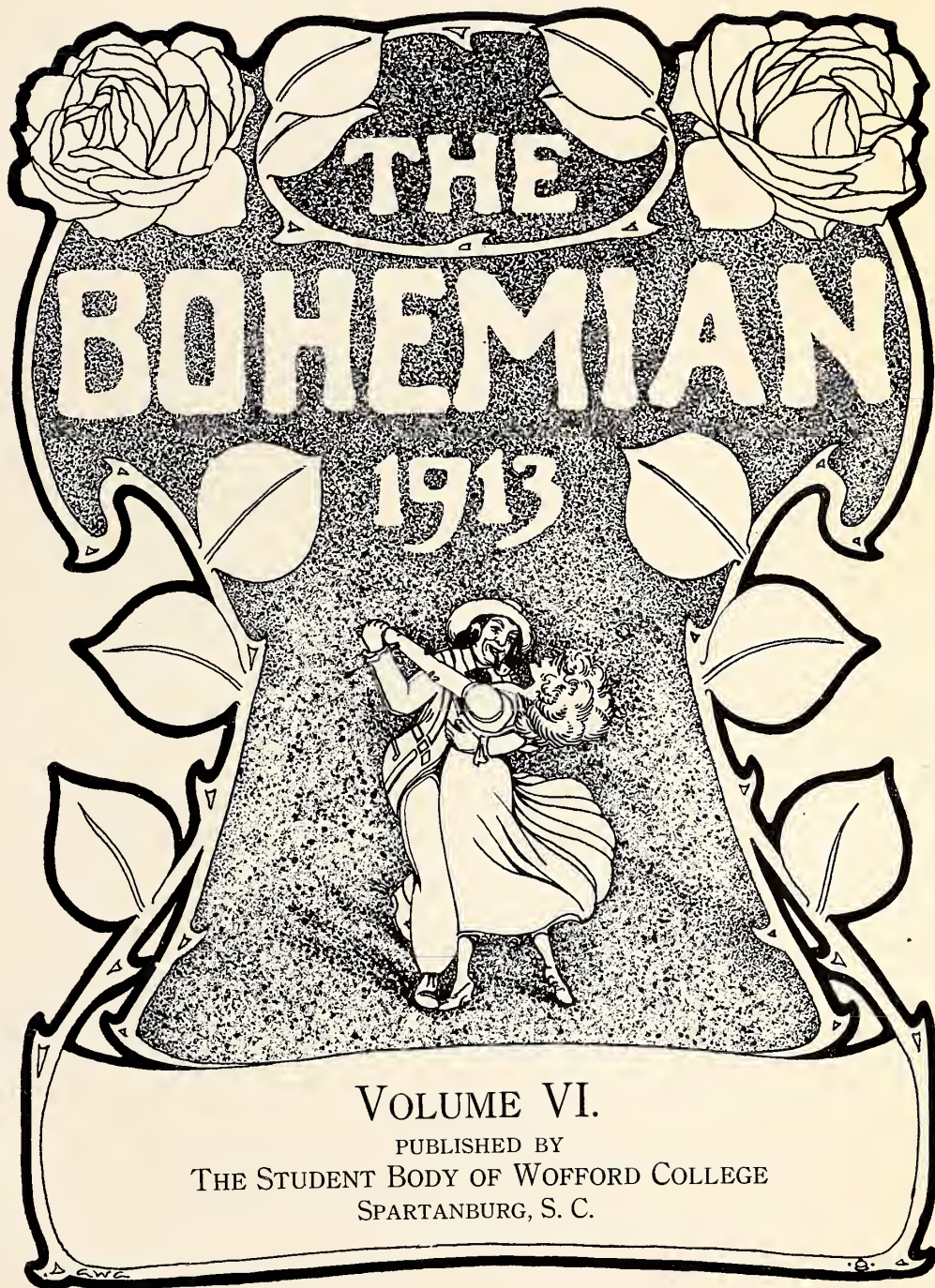
complete
8-4-88
AW

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY

NO. _____



CAMPUS VIEW





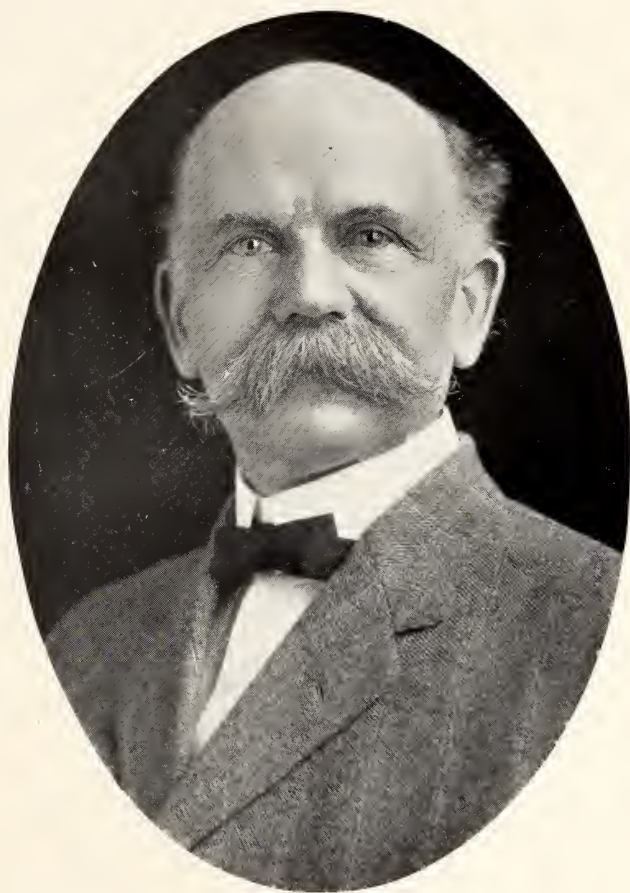
	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE	2
GREETINGS	5
DEDICATION	6
STAFF	8
FACULTY	10
CARLISLE HALL.....	12
SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.....	14
CLASS POEM.....	15
SENIOR PHOTOGRAPHS.....	16
SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.....	36
PROPHECY	40
JUNIORS	47
SOPHOMORES	53
FRESHMEN	59
CALHOUN SOCIETY.....	66
CARLISLE SOCIETY.....	70
PRESTON SOCIETY.....	74
LITERARY DEPARTMENT.....	78
ORATORICAL EVENTS.....	97
ATHLETICS	109
FOOTBALL	117
BASKET-BALL	125
TRACK	131
ORGANIZATIONS	137
CLUBS	159
LIFE	



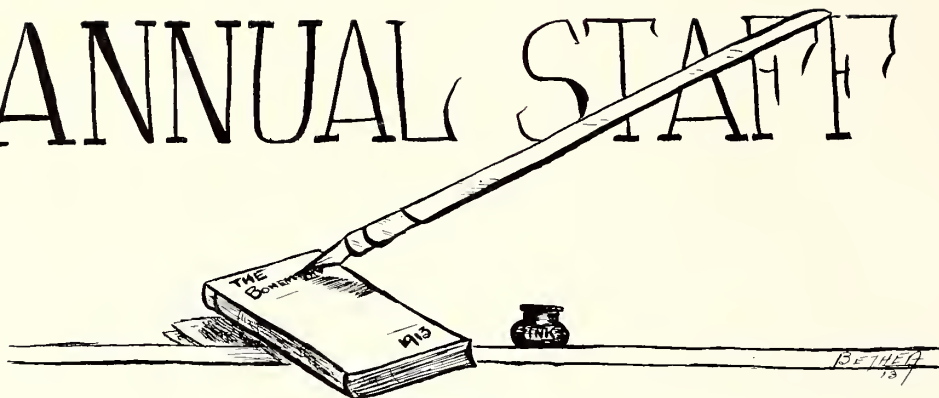
To

John G. Clinkscale,

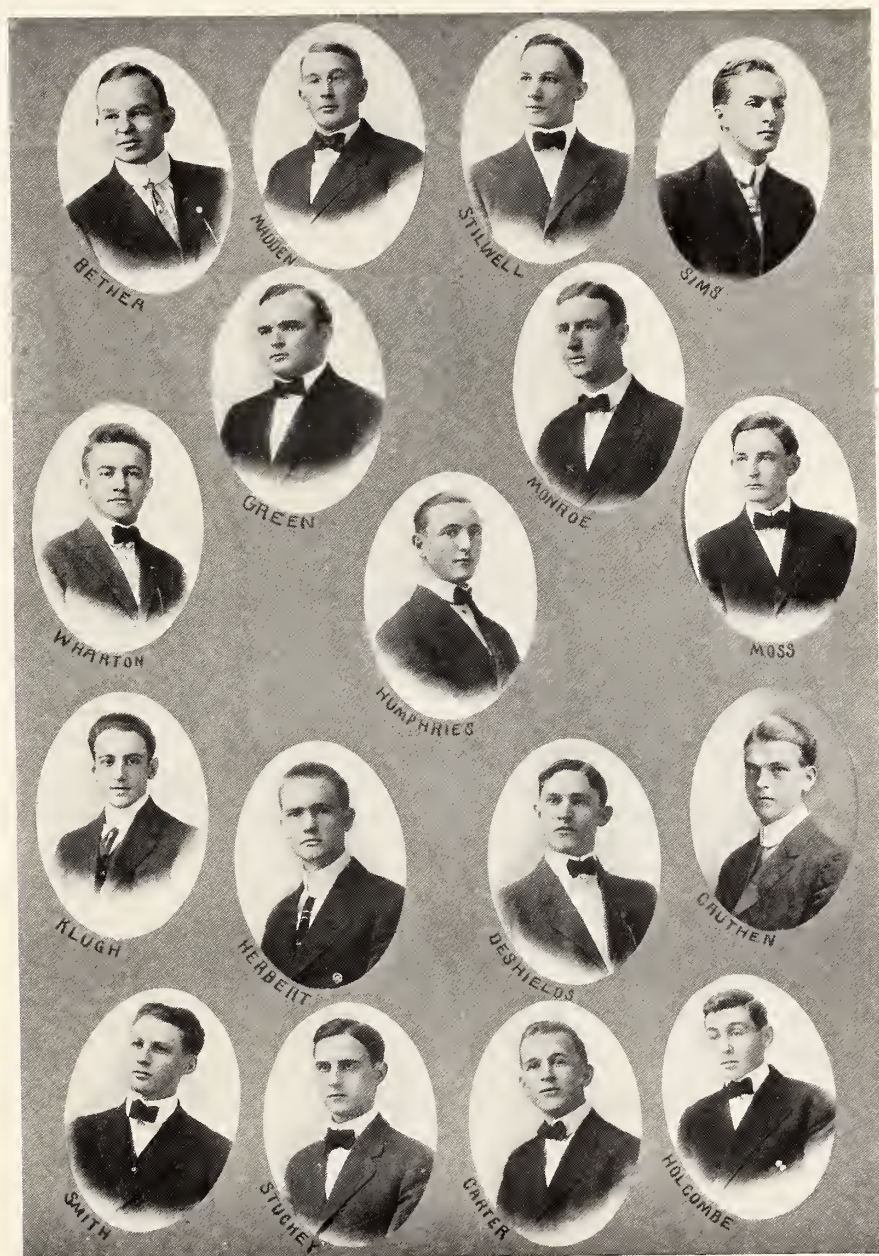
our most cherished member of the illustrious faculty
of this historic institution,
whose long and beautiful life of service,
usefulness, loyalty and devotion, and whose
congenial disposition, constant friendship, earnestness,
nobility and supreme Christian character,
has piloted many young men to a life
of eternal happiness, we respectfully and devotedly
dedicate this volume.



ANNUAL STAFF



T. B. HUMPHRIES.....	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
H. S. SIMS.....	ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
L. J. STILWELL.....	LITERARY EDITOR
T. C. HERBERT }	ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITORS
H. M. SMITH }	
C. A. CARTER }	
J. T. MONROE.....	BUSINESS MANAGER
L. J. CAUTHEN.....	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
Z. L. MADDEN.....	ADVERTISING MANAGER
S. D. MOSS.....	ASSISTANT ADVERTISING MANAGER
J. E. BETHEA.....	ART EDITOR
J. P. WHARTON }	ASSISTANT ART EDITORS
W. G. KLUGH }	
J. O. GREEN.....	ATHLETIC EDITOR
B. F. DeSHIELDS }	ASSISTANT ATHLETIC EDITORS
W. B. STUCKEY }	
V. E. HOLCOMBE }	



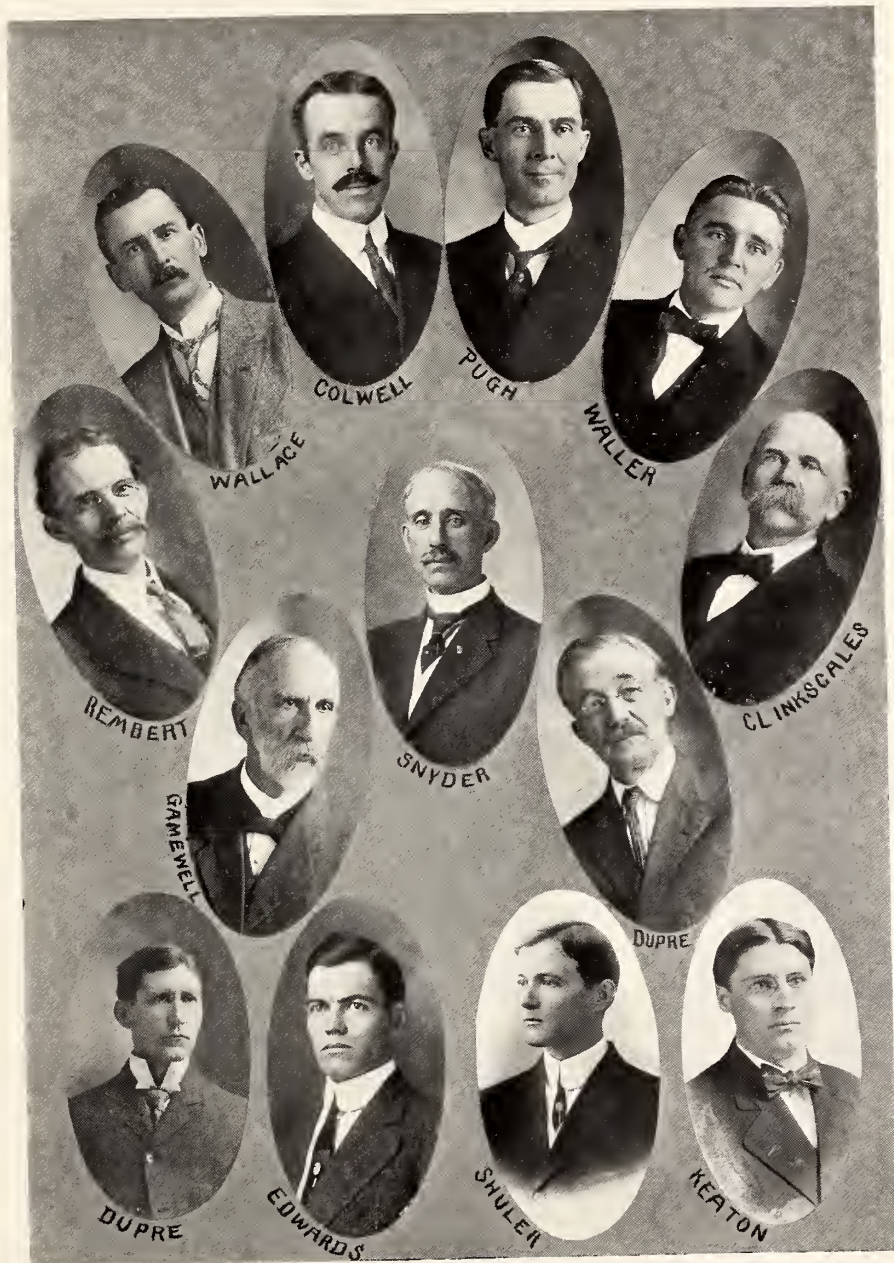
ANNUAL STAFF



H. N. SNYDER, A. M., Litt. D., LL. D.	PRESIDENT
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH	
D. A. DUPRE, A. M.	TREASURER
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS AND GEOLOGY	
J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M.	SECRETARY
PROFESSOR OF LATIN	
A. G. REMBERT, A. M.	E. H. SHULER, B. E.
PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND BIBLE	PROFESSOR OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS
J. G. CLINKSCALES, A. M.	W. L. PUGH, A. M., Ph. D.
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS	PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
D. D. WALLACE, A. M., Ph. D.	A. M. DUPRE, A. M.
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ECONOMICS	ASSISTANT PROFESSOR LATIN AND GERMAN
C. B. WALLER, A. M., Ph. D.	V. C. EDWARDS, A. B.
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND BIOLOGY	ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS
W. A. COLWELL, M. A., Ph. D.	R. L. KEATON
PROFESSOR OF FRENCH AND GERMAN	INSTRUCTOR OF GYMNASIUM
MISS MARY S. DUPRE	
LIBRARIAN	

Board of Trustees

J. LYLES GLENN, PRESIDENT	J. A. McCULLOUGH
W. E. BURNETT, SECRETARY	B. HART MOSS
REV. R. A. CHILD	H. B. CARLISLE
REV. JAS. W. KILGO	REV. W. T. DUNCAN
JOHN B. CLEVELAND	REV. F. H. SHULER
HENRY P. WILLIAMS	W. F. STACKHOUSE
REV. D. M. McLEOD	



FACULTY



CARLISLE HALL



Senior Class Officers

T. B. HUMPHRIES.....	PRESIDENT
J. E. BETHEA.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. G. KELLY.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
J. E. BETHEA.....	PROPHET
D. L. EDWARDS.....	POET
C. M. EARLE.....	HISTORIAN

Class Poem

*I wish that an angel my harp would inspire,
And tune it to ring with celestial fire;
I wish a kind muse would but touch my tongue,
And I would then sing as no mortal e'er sung:
As over these strings my fingers would brush,
The music would shame the sweet-singing Thrush;
And forth from my lyre would come such a note
As never proceeded from Nightingale's throat!*

*But however feeble my singing may seem,
I could not desire a loftier theme;
And tho' from my harp no melody float,
Be assured that the heart would speak in each note.
The strings may complain as their message they bear,
Yet friendship and love are voiced in each air;
The harp it may quiver—its chords being pressed—
But gentlest of passions 'twould stir in the breast.*

*The strings, touched again, resume the old theme,
And striking them softly, I'm lost in a dream:
A bejeweled Tiara of Friendship is seen,
Which is worn by a maiden bedecked like a queen.
Each jewel is set in a mounting of gold,
And forty rich gems the tiara doth hold;
The gems glisten bright, like the stars up above—
They're twice twenty souls united in love!*

*The chain of rich gems is broken one day,
When a jewel is plucked, from its setting, away;
Of another, then others, the crown is bereft,
Till only a half of the jewels are left.
And yet other gems the maiden doth take—
Alas! What a pity such links she should break!
But the gems are not spurned—not cast to the ground—
They are only transferred to a still brighter crown!*

*Dost think that the jewels their luster have shed,
As from their rich mountings of gold they have sped?
Nay, friends, they have not, for—like beacons at night—
Their splendor continues, and shines ever bright.
The light from a star still brilliant appears,
Tho' the star is extinct—and has been for years;
And a halo of glory is left by each gem,
Which even the Shadow of Death may not dim!*

*The heart strings grow weary with playing so long,
But never a moment they pause in the song:
'Tis the note of our friendship—a voice from the past—
And as long as we live, our friendship will last.
'Twill not fade, like the light, as the day nears its close,
Or lose aught of fragrance—as loses the rose;
But Time will the gold of our friendship refine,
And 'twill mellow with age, like the bright, sparkling wine!*

D. L. EDWARDS.



BURDETTE MAC ASBILL
RIDGE SPRINGS, S. C.

"Shaped by himself with newly learned art."

Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Recording Secretary, and First Critic, Calhoun Literary Society; Manager Tennis Association, '12-'13; Inter-Collegiate Tennis Team, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Winner Marshall-Moore Tennis Trophy, '11-'12, '12-'13; President Inter-Collegiate Tennis Association; Class Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '09-'10; Chairman Inter-Society Committee; Assistant Art Editor BOHEMIAN, '09-'10; Assistant Athletic Editor BOHEMIAN; Vice-President Executive Committee, S. C. I. O. A.; Member Executive Committee Athletic Association; Sophomore Marshal; College Marshal; Member Wofford College Council, '12-'13; Chairman Lyceum Committee, '12-'13.

"MACK" is one of those mixtures of personality which is hard to explain. He was very conscientious in the performance of every assigned duty, and the regularity and promptness with which he attended "gym" will be a help and inspiration to "boys" for centuries to come.

JAMES EARLE BETHEA
DILLON, S. C.

"He lards the lean earth as he walks along."

Entered '10; First Critic, Third Critic, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Monthly Orator, and President, Calhoun Literary Society; Marshal Sophomore-Junior Debate, '10-'11; Chief Marshal, '11-'12; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Vice-President Class, '12-'13; Class Prophet, '12-'13; Class Historian, '11-'12; Vice-President and President Student Body; Assistant Art Editor BOHEMIAN, '10-'11, '11-'12; Art Editor, '12-'13; Member College Council, '11-'12, '12-'13.

"SWEETY," just about as big around as he is tall, is one of the jolliest fellows in our class. If you want to have any fun, and need any help, just call on "SWEETY." You may find him on Main Street any afternoon except Sunday, then he is on "East" Main. There is nothing that "SWEETY" would rather hear than the hoot of the Owls on Converse campus.





HUGH SNODDY BLACK
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works."

Third Critic and First Censor Calhoun Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '09-'10; Member Revellers Club; Class Baseball, four years; Class Basket-ball, four years; All-State Baseball Team, '11-'12; Named on All-Southern Baseball Team, '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Varsity Basket-ball, '12-'13; President Town Boys' Club, '11-'12.

"HUGHIE" hates two people in this world, himself and his big "Bubber," since he talks about these two all the time—when the ladies are not the main topic. HUGH is a ball player, mostly basket and baseball, though he will sometimes take it with music and a "dyke." The "Giants" and the "Red Sox" will have him as the prize, to play for, at the next world's series.

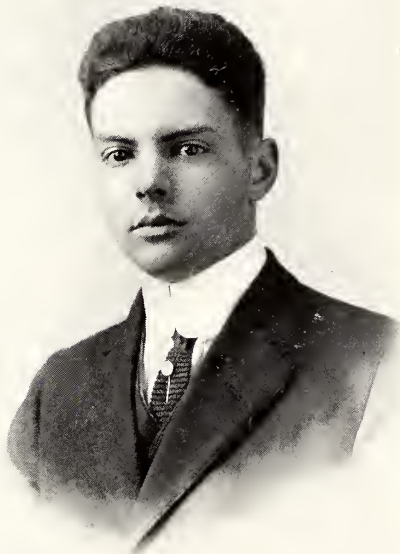
FRANCIS SOUTER BLAIR.
ROCKTON, S. C.

*"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."*

Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Third Censor, Recording Secretary, Second Critic, and First Critic, two terms, Preston Literary Society; Marshal Junior-Sophomore Debate; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13.

In this age of utilitarianism we find few true philosophers, but here is one. "FISH" began to think the first night he arrived on the campus, and since then he has gradually developed his thinking apparatus. His greatest problem now is thinking how to keep from having to think. Keep your eye on him, he will be easily distinguished by his philosophical walk. "FISH's" future is secure, if he can just keep clear of frills; but present tendencies seem to indicate the worst.





HILLIARD HAYNES BROWN
PACOLET, S. C.

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Entered '10; Member of Calhoun Society.

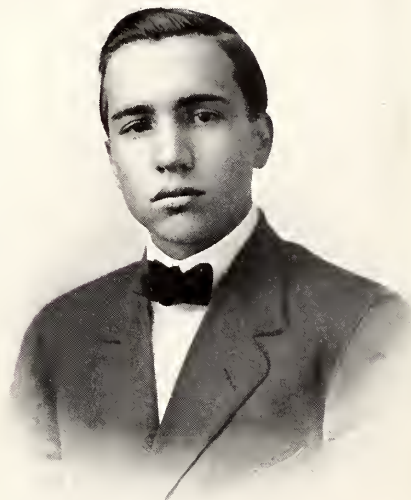
This noble specimen of Pacolet youth slipped into our class after it had gotten under way, and has been attempting to hold his own ever since. "MORDECAI" is very talkative while drawing pictures, but in classroom is a very clam—or rather crab. His beauty is only marred by a distinct warp in his lower limbs, and his incessant chewing of "the weed" when the "rag" is not in order. He will more than likely wash windows for Pacolet sky-scrapers when he "bugs" the faculty of this institution out of a dip.

BOBO BURNETT
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"But that our loves and comforts shall increase even as our days do grow."

Second Censor and Vice-President Calhoun Literary Society; Member Inter-Society Committee, '11-'12; Class Baseball, '09-'10; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Inter-Class Football, '12-'13; Class Basket-ball, four years; Manager Class Basket-ball Team, '11-'12; Captain, '12-'13; Varsity Track Team, '11-'12; Member and Captain Varsity Track, '12-'13; Member Athletic Association Executive Committee, '12-'13; Assistant Manager Varsity Baseball, '12-'13; Inter-Collegiate Tennis, '12-'13.

"BEAU" is perfectly harmless, except when the girls are around. His Senior year is occupied with his tour of the different female colleges. He has very few studies to interfere with his college course, and manages to find about four days out of the week for holidays.





JAMES THOMAS CALVERT
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"With graceful step he strides the streets,
And smiles on all the maidens sweet."*

Entered '09; dropped out until January, 1911; Member Calhoun Literary Society.

TOM has had a variety of things in the last few years. Not so long ago he had a motor-cycle, but after breaking all speed laws—fortunately no bones of his own—he sold it. We suppose he sold it to buy the "dignified" derby he now has. This "Haberdasher Special" can be seen almost any time as he walks through the green fields and meadows by the little "Brooks."

AIKEN RAST CARLISLE
GREENVILLE, S. C.

*"She's beautiful, therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."*

Member Calhoun Literary Society; Second Critic; Glee Club, '10-'11; Class Baseball, '10-'11, '12-'13; Class Football, '10-'11, '12-'13; Senior-Fresh Football Team, '12-'13; Fitting School Alumnus.

Here he is, ladies! The class monopolist of your favors. He is very simple to understand and can be easily outguessed by a heady old-timer. He has never been known to remain crazy over the same girl for more than twenty hours, although appearances sometimes deny this. AIKEN is not fickle, but merely believes that the best fish still swim, and he ever seeks the best.





WILLIAM JOSEPH CARTER, JR.
DILLON, S. C.

*"Some that smile have in their hearts,
I fear, millions of mischief."*

Entered '10; Monthly Orator, Third Critic, and Vice-President, Calhoun Literary Society; College Marshal; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Soph-Junior Team, '10-'11, '11-'12; Senior-Fresh Team, '12-'13.

"BILL" is a dreamer, and he looks into the far-distant future and revels in the sweet dreams of contentment. "Uncle Arch" is his favorite topic when he is not talking about the Naval Academy. "BILL" is not given much to parlance, however, but one can look in his eyes during those moments of silent reflection and fathom those depths, when all this is done it can be seen that he is thinking of "one" down in the "Pearl of the Pee Dee." "Crash!!" this peculiar sound as of shattering glass denotes that "BILL" is coming.

JAMES ALFRED CHAPMAN, JR.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!"*

Monthly Orator, Third Critic, Second Censor, and First Censor, Calhoun Literary Society; Freshman Marshal; Class Football, '09-'10; Class Basket-ball, four years; half- and quarter-mile Varsity Track, '11-'12, '12-'13; Member College Council, '12-'13; Vice-President Revellers, '12-'13; Member Athletic Association Executive Committee, '10-'11, '11-'12; Manager Varsity Track Team, '11-'12; Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '12-'13.

"Ch—Ch—Ch!" No, this is not a one-lung "white," nor a steam-roller; it is little "JIMMIE" introducing himself to the ladies. "CHIC" has a bad habit of calling occasionally (?) at the 'Verse, for the ladies do admire his hair and the cut of his clothes. He has had two flattering positions offered him, one as a French maid in a beauty parlor, the other as a bathing-girl model.





WALTER YOUNG COOLEY

LEESVILLE, S. C.

"Born for good looks, but bad luck overtook him."

Entered '11; Member of Preston Literary Society.

"Bogus," no one knows how he came by his name, but he has it all right. "Bogus" is one of those additions which comes to a class during its four years' course. He doesn't show off much, but when you scratch under the surface you find a true man.

CRAWFORD MAYS EARLE, JR.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."*

First Critic Calhoun Literary Society; BOHEMIAN Staff, '11-'12; *Journal* Staff, '12-'13; Secretary *Journal* Staff, '12-'13; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Class Track Team, '10-'11; Manager Varsity Track, '12-'13; Class Basket-ball, '11-'12, '12-'13; Member College Council, '12-'13; Class Historian, '12-'13.

Long will we seek for one of his congenial nature and pleasing disposition. "MAYS" began his college career by fooling the faculty into believing that he is a genius, and, therefore, he has had easy sailing ever since. However, "MAYS" is a conscientious student and deserves credit for his success. His attendance at the First Baptist has rapidly decreased during the last year. Can you explain why?





CARY THOMAS EASTERLING, JR.
BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

*"A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all-in-all!"*

Entered '08; dropped out '11; reentered '12; Inter-Society Committee; Monthly Orator, Junior Debater, and President, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Baseball, four years; Y. M. C. A. Editor *Journal*; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; President Marlboro County Club; Member Wofford Council.

The wisest man in the Class of 1912. He consulted his wisdom and dropped out of college for one year, thus placing himself in a progressive and rising class. His good qualities were here recognized, and he soon forged to the front as one of the leaders in the development of the class. He possesses marked talents for reporting religious meetings, and is fully capable of writing up a twenty-minute sermon in seventy words, making prominent mention of all the essentials. Truly a gem!

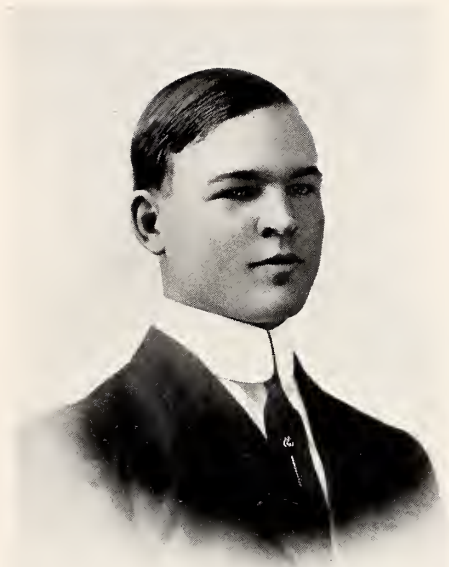
CLAUDE REYNOLDS EDWARDS
CHESTER, S. C.

"The fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

Corresponding Secretary and Recording Secretary Preston Society; Glee Club, '13

Originating in Chester this specimen came to Wofford to get the higher culture, which necessarily did not exist in his provincial home. Said culture consisted of making the Glee Club, being a sport, and an all-round good fellow. Before becoming well known he was accused of being a scholar, which accusation he successfully refuted, using an alibi. He was convicted on two counts: Latin and Greek. Specials: Parties and Calls. Fads: Autos, East Main, and clothes. Office: Out.





DANIEL LAURIE EDWARDS
MULLINS, S. C.

*"Oft on the drappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similies."*

Entered '10; Monthly Orator, First and Second Critic, and President, Carlisle Literary Society; Contributor to *Journal*; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '12-'13; Winner Poem Medal, '12; Winner Society Essay Medal, '12; Literary Editor *Journal*; Member Wofford Council; Class Poet.

Behold the poet Lauri-et Latin student of his class. Picture him when thrice the cock foretells the approach of "Matin" pondering o'er some "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." "D. L." is America's coming poet whom the class recognizes as the rival of Poe. He doesn't mean to be dignified over his thoughts of poetic aspirations, though his walk leads us to that belief. We predict that he will some day write a famous poem in which a bird will quoth, "Think of his *Journal* contributions nevermore."

JOHN ASHBURY EDWARDS
SENECA, S. C.

*"The glass of fashion and the mold of form,
The observed of all observers."*

Entered '11; Member Calhoun Literary Society.

Behold "MARGUERITE," "The daily hint from Paris!" The girls regard him as the redeeming feature of Turner's Rest Room; and he never disappoints the fair sex. He cares very little, however, for these uninteresting women who shower their glances upon him; but spends his time thinking of how last year's Senior charges are getting on without his helping "hand." He hails from Seneca, and bestowed a short part of his exciting young life upon the "university" in the little town to our right Greenville. His chief vacation pastime is summer school and flirting.





JAMES CARRADINE EPPS
KINGSTREE, S. C.

"I know not if I know what true love is."

Entered '11; Member Calhoun Literary Society.

"HAM" hails from Kingstree by way of Clemson. After spending a couple of dreary years at C. A. C. he pulled up stakes and came to the best of the best. Now he is supremely happy, for he is taking German day and night, and going to see the ditties between classes. South Church is his earthly Paradise, and he has been known to call on the same lady only eight times during a single week. It is reported that he's "fooled" one Flossie, who is now anxiously waiting for JIM and his dip. Luck to you, old boy!

SAMUEL ALFRED GENES
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

"They spring like lightning off from his melodious twang."

Monthly Orator and Corresponding Secretary Preston Literary Society; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Inter-Class Football, '12-'13; Class Baseball, '12-'13; Class Basket-ball, '12-'13; Class Track, '10-'11.

"TY COBB," judging from his indomitable adherence to the leather sphere, bids fair to rival his illustrious namesake. No day—unless a day when earthquakes are quite numerous—is too rough to keep "Ty" from practice. Yet he stops playing when night comes on, and, placing the ball before his eyes, he prepares his next day's task. "Ty" is a conscientious worker, and often burns the midnight oil. May he find a little girl who loves him as well as he loves his ball.





HENRY GRADY GIBSON
GIBSON, N. C.

"Love, constant love, has been my constant guest."

Preston Literary Society; Marshal at Freshman Exhibition; Second and Third Censor, and First Critic, Preston Society; Class Baseball, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Class Football, '10-'11, '12-'13; Senior-Fresh Football, '12-'13; Class Basket-ball, four years; Manager Class Basket-ball, '12-'13; Vice-President Marlboro County Club, '12-'13.

"Gib" is a practical reformer. His line of reform at the present time is that of blotting out that senseless habit commonly known as flirting. He has an extensive plan of reform. He began at the depot, but gave that up, and now he is diligently working the business sections of the city. He hopes to finish this real soon; and then he determines to make Alaska famous.

ARTHUR LEE GOOGE
FAIRFAX, S. C.

*"Ye know right well, how meek soe'er he seems,
No keener hunter after money breathes."*

Monthly Orator, Third Critic, First Critic, and President, Carlisle Literary Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Assistant Exchange Editor of *Journal*; Member of Inter-Society Committee.

Yes, "By Neds," this is a true fossil of Barnwell County, termed the fish yarner. He tells his fables with as much seriousness as if he were repeating his Paternoster. ARTHUR has made a special study of the natural sciences, especially "Latin." He hopes to take his Ph. D. on this subject. "Alas," to poor GOOGE, "the love of woman is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing!" He is doomed to the fate of a big old flirt.





JOHN OTIS GREEN

LAKE CITY, S. C.

*"He is short and round and somewhat fat,
But a man's a man for a' that."*

Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Monthly Orator, Second Critic, and Third Critic, Carlisle Literary Society; Athletic Editor BOHEMIAN, '12-'13; BOHEMIAN Staff, '10-'11; Class Baseball, four years; Class Football, four years, Captain three years; Inter-Class Football, four years, Captain two years; Varsity Baseball, one year.

"SHORTY" is the impersonator of our class, and he bids fair to eclipse the greatest in this his cherished art. His favorite pastime is that of impersonating every member of the faculty in turn. We feel sure that some day the little hamlet of Lake City will glory in the fact that she nourished from childhood this son of hers.

JAMES CARLISLE HARMON

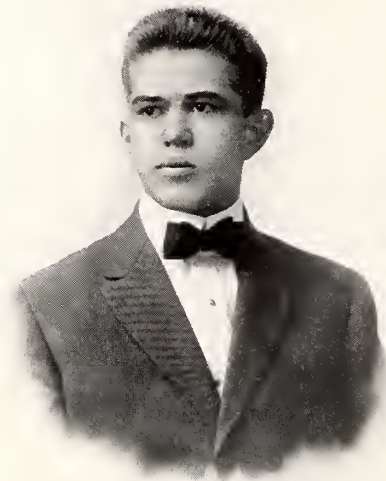
McCORMICK, S. C.

"Hey-day—what a sweep of vanity approacheth!

He danceth, mad is he, like merry Pan."

Monthly Orator, Third Censor, Second Censor, and Second Critic, Preston Literary Society; Class Baseball, four years; Varsity Baseball, '09-'10; Marshal on Sophomore Exhibition; Pianist Glee Club, '12-'13.

Here it is—bounded on the north by a pompadour, on the south by "coats of many colors." He acquired his title of "STYX" from his elder brother, and soared to fame. Once an idol of fan-dom, he has degenerated into a rival of Terpsichore, and every summer astounds the natives of his village with the introductions of his latest accomplishments. His redeeming feature is his ability to decorate any and every piano stool. He is a lover of the "Jit-shows," on which subject he is an authority. His sole ambition is to be a conductor on the C. and W. C. Railroad.





GEORGE HEYWARD HODGES
RAYMOND, S. C.

*"'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for truth he ought to die."*

Freshman Speaker; Vice-President Freshman Class; Captain Class Baseball Team, '09-'10; Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Vice-President, and President, Carlisle Literary Society; Sophomore Speaker; Oratorical Speaker; Junior Debater; Senior Speaker; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; College Council, '12-'13; College Marshal, '11-'12; Class Football, '09-'10.

"HIPP," alias "BISHOP." He is the sole representative of the class to both the ministerial and foreign field. "HIPP" goes to Chesnee every Sunday, and he certainly must have those people sadly fooled; because there were, it is reported, some very complimentary remarks made by one of his flock in reference to "BISHOP," and we know there must be a screw loose somewhere.

THOMAS BELTON HUMPHRIES
CAMDEN, S. C.

*"I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate."*

President Class, '12-'13; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '11-'12; Marshal Freshman Exhibition and Sophomore Exhibition; Secretary Student Body, '10-'11; Member and Second Vice-President Wofford Council; Third Censor and Recording Secretary Preston Literary Society; Class Baseball, four years; Captain Class Baseball, '10-'11, '12-'13; Manager Class Baseball, '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '10-'11; Member Athletic Executive Committee, '12-'13; Assistant Art Editor BOHEMIAN, '10-'11; Assistant Athletic Editor BOHEMIAN, '11-'12; Editor-in-Chief BOHEMIAN, '12-'13.

"Tom" arrived at college under the care of his lady-loving brother, who started him on the right path. Unlike his brother, he soon gave up the ladies, it being impossible for him to carry on his college work and social duties together. His calm bearing, gentle smile, and "cute" blush made "HUMP" one of the most popular men in the class.





JULIEN CAPERS HYER

AIKEN, S. C.

*"I can not make this matter plain,
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,
A random arrow from the brain."*

President, Vice-President, First Censor, Second Censor, and Monthly Orator, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Football, '09-'10; Winner Freshman Declamation Contest; Sophomore Speaker; Junior Debater; Senior Speaker; Oratorical Speaker; Business Manager and Assistant Literary Editor *Wofford Journal*; Literary Contributor to *Journal* and *THE BOHEMIAN*; Member Wofford Council; Delegate to S. C. College Press Association; Member Inter-Society Committee; Representative at State Oratorical Contest.

"JULE" is a citizen of those suburbs which have become famous as the outskirts of a few tourist hotels. Developed marked tendencies towards journalism and oratory. Has been connected with *The Wofford College Journal* and the *Spartanburg Journal*. He has spoken publicly often, but is said to be in his best form when addressing small audiences—usually a very small one.

JOHN GRANBERRY KELLY

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"Who builds his hope in your fair looks
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast."*

Monthly Orator, Second Critic, First Censor, and President Carlisle Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '12-'13; Class Marshal, '09-'10, '10-'11; Senior Speaker; Junior Debater; Exchange Editor *Journal*; Member Executive Committee College Press Association of S. C.; Class Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Class Football, '10-'11, '12-'13; Manager Class Football, '10-'11; Member College Council.

Such an angelic expression must be the result of Cupid's work, but, 'tis strange, JOHN has never been guilty of writing poetry. "DUNC" is the only person who can get a clear expression of this philosophical mind. Beware of a "weeping brook," little Ophelia, this youth is a student!





ZEPHANIAH LAWSON MADDEN
LAURENS, S. C.

*"Better than such discourse doth silence—
long, long, barren silence—square with my
desire."*

Entered '08; dropped out '10-'11; Junior Debater; Senior Speaker; Local Editor *Journal*; Advertising Manager *BOHEMIAN*; Member Wofford Council; Second Critic, First Censor, Vice-President, and President, Preston Literary Society.

Be sure and get the name right, "ZACK" is his name; "ZACK," the professor. Not the one who climbed the sycamore tree, for, if "ZACK" had been up the tree, Jesus would have said, "'ZACK,' make haste and come down, for you are spitting tobacco juice on these people down here." But "ZACK's" indispensable plug is the smallest part of his system. His genial fellowship and unconquerable energy far outweigh the small amount of tobacco he consumes.

SWAINE ADELBERT MERCHANT
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"The good Lord made him for a man, so
we'll have to let him pass."*

First Censor Calhoun Literary Society;
Member Class Baseball Team, '09-'10, '10-'11

Go back to prehistoric times, select the biggest tuft of black hair; set it upon the largest brain-roof around about; get him to speak German, and call him ADELBERT. Under the beneficent influence of modern civilization he has become imbued with a sort of refined culture. He is much engrossed in teaching something outside of college—something sweet, it is rumored. He was indicted for having prepared an exam a week ahead in his Junior year. Plead guilty and the sentence was suspended.





JOHN THEODORE MONROE
MARION, S. C.

"In noble eminence enthroned and sphered amidst the others."

College Marshal, '10-'11, '11-'12; Class Football Team, '10-'11, '11-'12; Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; President Marion-Dillon Club, '11-'12; President Fitting School Alumni Association, '12-'13; Member College Council, '12-'13; Business Manager BOHEMIAN; Presiding Officer Oratorical Contest, '12-'13; Corresponding Secretary, Vice-President, and President, Preston Literary Society.

"THEO" won much fame as a Glee Club artist during his first years of college life, but the numerous duties of a busy Senior compelled him to abandon the pursuit of his favorite pastime during his last year. An analytical mind, a straightforward, business-like manner makes us predict that Monroe will some day become a rival of Pythagoras of old. "THEO" has never been heard to express himself as to his future plans, but something tells us that he has "one" silently waiting for him down in the land of the "Swamp Fox."

WILLIAM JAMES MOSS
NORWAY, S. C.

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."

Monthly Orator, First Critic, First, Second, and Third Censor, Preston Literary Society; Inter-Society Committee; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '12-'13.

"BILLY, the Baritone Boy," discovered his vocal talent in his Junior year. He trained it out on the campus and at Converse, finally getting it under control. Vocal training assuredly leads to the appreciation of good singing, and BILLY, early in his Senior year, developed the habit of hearing all that was to be heard. These varied from the spring festivals to mouth-organ music at Bobo, via the medium of musical comedies.





JOHN BENJAMIN PAYSINGER
NEWBERRY, S. C.

"I came, I saw, I did; now ——?"

Entered '11; Class Football Team, '12-'13; Recording Secretary, First, Second and Third Critic, First Censor, and Vice-President. Carlisle Literary Society; Oratorical Speaker.

JOHNNY has only been with us two years, probably that's why he doesn't show up well, but he's on the spot. JOHNNY left Newberry at the end of his Sophomore year. He decided the President wasn't running things to suit him, and since all his efforts at reform proved futile, he decided to abandon them to their fate, and came over here to see if he could not find a more responsive bunch with us; but, ah, JOHNNY, boy, you didn't know what you were stepping into!

CLIFTON STOKES RHOAD
BRANCHVILLE, S. C.

*"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace."*

Monthly Orator and First Censor Preston Literary Society; Member Inter-Society Committee, '12-'13; Class Basket-ball Team, '11-'12, '12-'13.

CLIFF, the math student; he says there is one problem in Calculus he just can't work, "By Jimmies," and he worked a whole hour on it for Clink and never did get it; and any one who knows CLIFF will tell you whenever he works on a math proposition that long it must be a "Jonah." "COLONEL" says Bamberg is the garden spot of the world, but no one would ever conclude such a fact judging by her flower (if he is one).





HENRY RADCLIFFE SIMS
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

*"When men desert the student's bower for
gold,
Some fears unnamed I have, my country."*

Gymnasium Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Treasurer Student Body, '09-'10; Recording Secretary Wofford Council, '12-'13; Vice-President, '11-'12; President, '12-'13; Orangeburg County Club; Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, and President, Preston Literary Society; awarded *Journal* Fresh-Soph Story Medal, '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief *Wofford College Journal*, '12-'13; Freshman Speaker, '09-'10; Sophomore Speaker, '10-'11; Sophomore-Junior Inter-Class Debate, '10-'11; Alternate Wofford-Davidson Debate, '11-'12; Junior Debater, '11-'12; Senior Speaker; Oratorical Speaker, '12-'13.

No, this is the other one, a "plain, blunt man," whose only regret is that he was not a contemporary of Calhoun and Webster. Yes, HENRY is a ready debater, as well as a spicy editor. Should he be a politician, woe unto his antagonists.

HUGO SHERIDAN SIMS
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"When I speak, let no dog bark."

Freshman Speaker; Gymnasium Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Sophomore-Junior Inter-Class Debate, '10-'11; Sophomore Historian; Winner Junior-Senior Story Medal, '12; Assistant Editor-in-Chief *BOHEMIAN*, '12-'13; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Vice-President Preston Literary Society.

Friends, don't dispute him, unless you are prepared for a scrap. HUGO is a close observer, and lately has devoted quite an amount of time on sociological problems, so if there is anything in judging the future by the past there ought to be results. He isn't responsible for what he does, because all his thoughts, cares, and attentions are centered far from his college duties—some say in the city by the old Edisto.





EDWARD TINDAL SPIGNER
KINGSTREE, S. C.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Monthly Orator, Treasurer, First Censor, and President, Preston Literary Society; Treasurer and President Y. M. C. A.; Assistant Business Manager *Journal*, '11-'12; BOHEMIAN Staff, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Vice-President Class, '10-'11; Marshal Freshman Exhibition; Chief Marshal Sophomore Exhibition; Class Football Team, four years.

Behold! The true believer in the perfection of kind deeds; the genuine advocate of peace; the careless sprinkler of good words. Went to school for three years, and then graduated from the class of dreamers into the world of practical affairs.

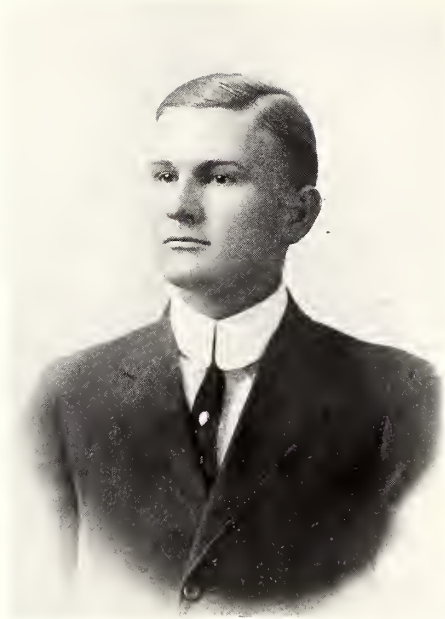
JAMES MILTON STACKHOUSE
DILLON, S. C.

"A thing of duty is annoy forever."

Entered '10; Corresponding Secretary and Second Critic, two terms, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Baseball, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Varsity Baseball, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Captain Varsity Baseball, '12-'13; Member Athletic Committee; Member Wofford Council.

"STACK's" first duty is on the ball field. Put him in an old uniform and allow him to take on several packages of chewing-gum, and take off his cap, and you have a wonder, for not only is he then a marvelous pitcher but the only perpetual motion machine captured, and Prof. Dan is still trying to prove that friction will soon cause him to stop.





ERNEST BUTLER STALLWORTH
WOODRUFF, S. C.

"Shot, by Heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid!"

Member Preston Literary Society; Second Critic Preston Society; Member of Class Football Team, '12-'13.

STALLWORTH, yes, and how strangely his name befits his figure. However, you never would know that he was within ten miles unless you spoke to him. The fact is every one has concluded that over there somewhere, around Woodruff, there must be a little girl who has all his thoughts and attentions, and who is anxiously awaiting his return.

LAWRENCE JACKSON STILWELL
McCORMICK, S. C.

*"He will not be convinced, until he hath
Convinced himself and other men."*

Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, First Critic, and President, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Baseball Team, four years, Captain, three years; Class Football, four years; Pitcher Varsity Baseball, four years; Inter-Class Football Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Literary Editor BOHEMIAN; President Class, '10-'11; Member Executive Committee, S. C. I. O. A., '12-'13; Freshman Marshal; Presiding Officer Sophomore Exhibition; Presiding Officer Junior Debate; Secretary, '10-'11; Vice-President, '11-'12, '12-'13; Y. M. C. A.; Member College Council; Senior Speaker.

Here's the brow where "dignity and wisdom sate enthroned." LAWRENCE is one of the class's "old guard," and like the proverbial fib, "is a very present help in time of trouble." His innocent young life has never experienced but one great love, and that was for Billy Carter.





WENDELL HOLMES TILLER
ROWESVILLE, S. C.

*"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!"*

Freshman Marshal; Second Critic, Third Critic, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, First Critic, First Censor, and President, Carlisle Literary Society; Member Wofford Council, '12-'13; Member Varsity Track Team, '11-'12, '12-'13; Inter-Society Committee, '12-'13.

TILLER, just plain TILLER, has been fortunate enough to escape one of those college-given names which almost every man has to endure. TILLER is the map agent; he went out last summer to sell \$500.00 worth, no one knows just how much he did sell. But if there was any chance of squeezing the "dough" out of the poor farmer he knew it. Track is his hobby, and he hopes to cop the 100-yard dash real soon.

LEROY NICHOLSON WATSON
RIDGE SPRING, S. C.

*"Yon Calvin has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much: such men are
dangerous."*

Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, First and Second Censor, Second Critic, and Vice-President, Calhoun Literary Society; Marshal Freshman Exhibition; Vice-President Class, '11-'12; Member College Council, '11-'12; Secretary and Treasurer Revellers Club, '11-'12; President Revellers Club, '12-'13; Member Athletic Association, '11-'12; Assistant Business Manager BOHEMIAN, '11-'12.

Don't shy, Maud, he's perfectly harmless despite that lean, hungry look. "CAL's" time is occupied in going to Converse, passing back exams, and selling D'Ancona's clothes. "CAL's" voice is a cross-fire between a low soprano and the howl of a cat in distress. His chief ambition is to become a gymnasium instructor in a female college. No better fellow is to be found, and we predict much success for him in after-life.



Senior Class History

WE have now reached the first real mile-post on the way of life—we are graduating! When we first thought of the time when we should finish our college course, our graduation seemed to us a vague something which would take place in a far-away and distant future, of which it was not yet time even to think. Time dragged, and even after we entered college the goal seemed still far away. But now that it is a reality, and we have attained that for which we have been striving, we realize that time has not dragged, but that it has sped by at a most rapid pace. The four years spent in college, and the nine or ten years of preparatory work appear to us now as a very brief space of time.

When we entered, the standard of the college had just been raised, in order to put Wofford in the class with the very best colleges. The high standard was only an experiment, but our class stood the test so well that those in charge decided to make the fourteen units entrance requirement a permanent thing. In fact, it seems to us that they were not satisfied with merely raising the standard for us, but they have also taken special delight in putting in new courses, and in making greater requirements in many other ways.

As to the number of members; there are only forty in the class now, but when we take into consideration the fact that there were only fifty-six who entered as Freshmen, we see that a remarkable record has been made. The records of the various classes which have gone out as graduates from Wofford show that the present class lost a smaller percentage of its members each year, and that the percentage of those who entered as Freshmen and completed the course is greater than that of any preceding class.

Since space is limited it will be impossible to tell everything. With this understanding, only a few of the most important facts of each year will be given.

In September, 1909, we gathered in the chapel for the first time. Here we were made welcome by the president of the college, who also made many announcements, which all, except us, seemed to understand. After chapel exercises, we were rushed to the office of the registrar, directly, in case we had a friend who was kind enough to show us where it was, otherwise—that is, if a “Soph” volunteered to show us the way—it was after having been taken to several of the class rooms, two or three of the Society Halls, the tower, and in some cases even to the “gym.”

Having registered, we had a class meeting at which an organization was perfected. The following officers were elected: President, Patterson; Vice-President, Hodges; Secretary-Treasurer, Black; Historian, Spigner.

After this we got down to hard work, and nothing happened of very great importance to anybody except ourselves until spring, when the Freshman Contest was held. At this time we gave the public a chance to see what we were capable of doing, in order that they might be better prepared to accept the reports concerning us made by the professors. The Contest was a great success, even greater than had been hoped for by the most optimistic.

The speakers were: H. R. and H. S. Sims, Herlong, Hyer, Hodges, and Jenkins. The oratory displayed by all these speakers indicated the high quality of the class. The judges decided that the best speech had been made by Mr. Hyer, and rewarded him with a medal.

In athletics, as well as in oratory and every other phase of our work, we were very successful. Though no trophies were won by our teams, still we had always to be reckoned with. Our baseball material was especially good, and it is a remarkable fact that five Freshmen were put on the varsity team.

Having spent our first year in somewhat this way, we went home to spend a short time. We returned to college in September, 1910, to enter upon our Sophomore year. The number of our men not returning was very small, and their places were filled by others who joined us at this time. College life was very different from what it had been when we reached the campus for the first time. Then it was we who received all the speeches of welcome, all the care of the old boys, especially of the class next lower than Junior. Now it was upon us that the responsibility rested, for we realized how necessary it was to make the new men feel welcome, and to make men of them from the start.

The officers elected for this year were: President, Stilwell; Vice-President, Spigner; Secretary-Treasurer, Henderson; Historian, H. S. Sims.

Although we were much in evidence all the time, the first public function in which we were allowed to participate was the Sophomore-Junior Debate. We made the challenge for this contest, which resulted in our defeat; but still, the speeches made by H. S. Sims, Moore and H. R. Sims, our representatives, were of a type that any debater might well feel proud of.

The next occasion of special interest during the year was the "Soph Ex." Each speaker had a splendid speech, and delivered it in a way very creditable, not only to himself, but also to the class and to the college.

The speakers were: Herlong, Hyer, H. R. Sims, Jenkins, Moore, and Hodges.

All the athletic teams of the class were strong and made splendid records. Again, we had a large number of men on all the college teams. One of the representatives of the college in the State tennis meet was from our class.

Having passed through this period of conceit and self-satisfaction, we had learned much; consequently, when we returned in September, 1911, to resume our duties, we were conscious of what we had been through, and how we must have appeared to others. This made us work and act in a way different from that of any previous year, and we regained the respect which had been lost when we were Sophomores. We now realized that our first duty was to our work.

The officers for this year were: President, Jenkins; Vice-President, Watson; Secretary-Treasurer, Humphries; Historian, Bethea.

For the first time we had a man from our class in the inter-society oratorical contest, which was held to select Wofford's representative for the state contest.

After this, we had no part in any public function until the Junior debate, which took place during Commencement. As in every previous case, our men showed up well, making a most excellent impression on the large number who were present, not only from the college and the city, but also from almost every part of the state.

For this occasion the debaters were: Hyer, H. R. Sims, Kelly, Easterling, Madden, and Hodges.

In athletics we were again very successful, and were well represented on all the college teams. One of the representatives in the inter-collegiate tennis tournament was from our class. He played in singles and doubles. In football we won the championship.

In September, 1912, we returned again to take up, for the last time, our duties as students of Wofford College. Realizing now the great opportunities that were ours, we entered upon our work with greater determination than ever before. Since we were again forced to give up a few of our number, we started on the final lap with forty members.

The officers elected to pilot us through our last year were: President, Humphries; Vice-President, Bethea; Secretary-Treasurer, Kelly; Prophet, Bethea; Historian, Earle.

For a time it seemed that every one was concerned with impressing upon us the responsibility of being a Senior; and then we began to realize that we had a very short time to remain at school, and that we were looked upon as an example by the under-classmen.

We started the year showing our superiority over the other classes by winning the championship in baseball. Soon after that, when the representatives for the state tennis meet were selected, both of them were taken from our class. In fact, in all forms of athletics we took the leading part, and had a most successful year.

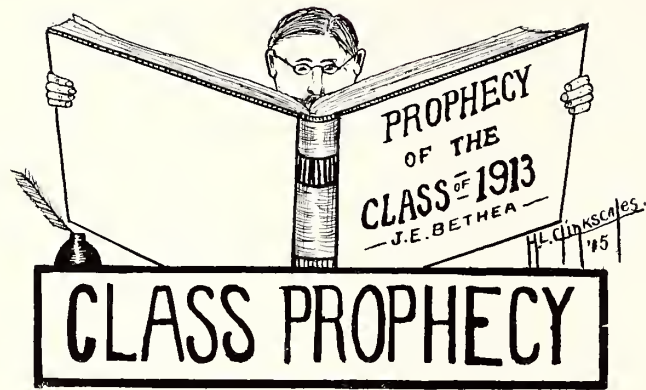
The first oratorical contest of the year was that which was held to select the speaker to represent Wofford at the state contest. The three speakers from our class showed the fine quality that has always characterized the class of 1913.

From this time until Commencement we were busy with our work, for we had to be sure of the diploma to which we had been looking forward so long. During Commencement we had our last chance, as college students, to show to what great height we had attained. To do this in the most effective way, the class elected Hyer, H. R. Sims, and Hodges; and the faculty appointed Madden, Stilwell, and Kelly. These men had real speeches and delivered them in such a way that they made an impression on the audience which will cause them ever to be remembered.

These are some of the things which we have done. In some we were successful, in some we failed; but we hope that our successes outweigh our failures. We have tried to see the good in our failures as well as in our successes, and we feel that the four years spent here have not been in vain.

As our college life has been marked by failures and successes, so will be our life in the world. We hope that in the end, when all is over, each one of us will have attained all the high and noble aspirations of his life.

C. M. EARLE, Historian.



S for my own use, I don't like introductions—in fact, I don't need them and never expect to need them in my private use. This pen-wielder does not desire to be misunderstood or misinterpreted by the readers; therefore, I am putting much labor on the introduction.

In the first place, this is supposed to be the Class Prophecy. It is not a biography, but only a glimpse into the future of my classmates. Many years are passed over and by this I picture the members of the Senior Class at that future time.

Another misconception is that the prophet is a dreamer. He can smoke his pipe and lean back, and in the cloud of curling smoke picture each man in his future environments. Take care, it is a job—a hard, strenuous job—one that will make any man dream and walk the floors at night in despair. I am in despair, and, of course, I have been dreaming.

In my dreams "Rip Van Winkle" and his long sleep of happiness came up to me. Puzzle! Yes, a puzzle to me why nature was so kind to this one individual. Oh! it is this prophecy that drives me to envy his pleasure. I wonder if "Rip" had any sons, and if they inherited such a pleasure from their father. If so, they are still in the arms of Morpheus.

Nature is a good remedy for despair. I am tired dreaming and worrying over this prophecy. Nature for me! I am going over on the Blue Ridge, where nature can pour her medicines of grandeur and happiness over my troubled soul. Perhaps, the low tones of the long pines and the deep, long-sounding notes of the shrubbery will inspire me for my task.

Look! that splendid range of blue-colored peaks in the distance is fine. How well nature paints her pictures! What is this to the right? A cave, a little home of nature's own designing. Here's where I inspect such a delightful place for sleeping; perhaps, I will take a long nap like Rip. What is that moving in that dark corner? What! an old man. Look! he yawns. That ragged, long beard resembles Old Rip.

"Say, old fellow, why do you look so sleepy?"

"My boy, don't you see I am kin to Rip Van Winkle? I am his son, and like my old Dad—I can always enjoy sleep. I have a bad habit of wandering. For forty years I have been a lover of Morpheus, but in all my sleep, dreaming of forty men has puzzled me. In the Rockies, where I spent twenty years in one nap, I had a faint, troublesome dream of forty college graduates. This awoke me, and I wandered here only to dream more. It was a clear dream, with each face, which seemed to be real. It was a class at Wofford College. Do you remember the class of thirteen? Well, they were the ones I dreamed of."

"Shake this hand, old fellow! You are the one I am looking for. I am to write the prophecy of that class, and, as you have dreamed twice you can give me a real prophecy. Here, take this bottle of rum, now, I have my pencil ready—give me that dream."

"By George, that rum was great, and I hope it will add a little spice to what I expect to tell you. Here goes—take it down:

"This first fellow is named Black. Yes, Hugh Black. See! He has a saw and hatchet in his hand. Don't be frightened. He is just going to repair his operating table. He is a doctor of considerable fame, and is making a success practicing with his brother Sam, in the 'Burg. By the way, he uses no anesthetic, but in place of this, his own famous brand of *Black's hot-air*. It is a power. Millions flock to him for treatment, especially women, for heart trouble.

"D. L. Edwards forces himself upon me. No one can persuade him that he hasn't Edgar Allan Poe beat a mile when it comes to writing poetry. He is very sensitive to being called the second Poe. He swears he does not drink like the first Poe, yet he has been caught in many saloons, drunk and writing poetry. His most mysterious is 'A Full Bottle, Evermore.'

"Don't be troubled by that smoke. It is Pittsburg. That dense smoke is from the Genes Manufacturing Co. This is the remarkable case of a man reaping a fortune by the use of his name. Genes was fooled into the pants-making business by J. B. Paysinger. He runs the business end of the company, while Genes (famous for his persuasive voice) travels over the country getting orders for their famous alligator brand. "Genes," of course, must always sell.

"The next is a vivid picture of Dillon, S. C., in all its vice and wickedness. All at once it appears all new. Yes, a new mayor, Bill Carter, made it a wonderful city. His noiseless police did the work. Now, he is famous, and will tour the world giving his method of 'Noiseless police, the only cure for vice'; that is, after he spends ten years in New York and gets a little Yankee speed on his speech.

"The only two evangelists of the class are W. H. Tiller and Ernest Stallworth. They hold a big meeting in Greenville. Many thousands are converted. Later, Tiller stops preaching, and now is teaching a bunch of New Yorkers how to run the mile. He is noted for his success in the Olympic games.

"The next figure is a great horseman. After leaving college 'Cal' Watson's love for his horse caused him to enter the life of a stock-farmer. He raises nothing but race horses, which have world-wide reputations. He has a famous two-year-old which he says will win the King's Derby in England next summer. By the way, he gave the governor of his state one of his famous horses for a notary public commission. You know his ambition was always to marry people.

"The band's playing—people yelling—great excitement. Look! they all hurry to the tent where the pistol was fired. It is Spigner bidding the people in to see his wonderful exhibition. The show was fine, quite an obscurity—Billy Moss doing the mystic glide on a needle and singing to the delight of the audience.

"We are Alabama bound by automobile. See, what splendid fields of cotton and corn. A scientific farming plantation. Who is that there at the end of those cotton rows? If it isn't Blair! His fondness for Gibson led him into farming. They are successfully using Gibson's improved plan of cotton growing.

"Look, we are on the campus at Wofford. First, I will go in the Science Hall. To my surprise I found H. H. Brown occupying the chair of Biology. He is a noted biologist, and his keen work in the life of a rat has revolutionized the study of its blood system.

"In Charleston. Listen! Such fine singing from that large, spacious church. I will go in and hear it. Look! conference is in session, with Bishop Hodges presiding. They read out the appointments, and Epps was sent to Columbia. He is one of the noted pulpit orators of this conference.

"In an Atlanta paper I noticed the following advertisement: 'L. J. Stilwell and Son, Bankers.' Stilwell is one of the South's few millionaires. He has revolutionized the financial world with his new methods of banking.

"In Atlantic City. Listen! Such harmonious music from above. I will make a night of it and see what it is. By George, a dancing school, and Tom Calvert as instructor, teaching the fashionable Atlantic City folks his 'Paris Dip' and 'Atlanta Leap.' His popularity as a great dancer is known everywhere.

"Don't give up. There is something great in everything. It is Jule Hyer and Bobo Burnett—two big lawyers in partnership. It is in New Orleans that they won a case by proving perpetual motion to the jury. Jule did the talking. The Du Pre method was used.

"This fellow, Z. L. Madden, will not be still. Yes, I have him! He is teaching. He stops long enough to explain Darwin's 'Theory of Evolution' to a bunch of young North Carolinians. Is forced to resign his school on account of beliefs. Marries a red-headed woman, and writes a book on 'The Eternal Hope.'

The next figure is very indistinct and undecided whether to come forward—'Bub' Green. He is proprietor of a system of restaurants in San Francisco. Having a monopoly in restaurants, he now lives a happy life visiting each restaurant daily, and, of course, his specialty is a club sandwich. It is rumored that he is to sell his restaurants and take up the easy life of—playing the fat-man in a carnival.

"Here's some excitement! Yes, a big horse sale. Look at the auctioneers—The Sims Bros. They are so fond of each other that they decided to enter this work and use their gift of looking so much alike in fooling the people. They have a splendid 'line,' and sell a hundred or more horses a day. They are fond of writing, and *The Horse Review* is a side line at their stables.

"I hate to tell these newspaper stories. John Kelly starts out as editor and director of a New York paper. Believing he is the "White Hope" he beats six directors and one office-boy in a single day. He now owns the paper. Marries a suffragette and her influence is used in political editorials.

"Look! Read this sign! 'J. A. Edwards, proprietor. Billiards and Pool.' Walking in, I see the old, familiar face of 'Purk' Edwards. He has on a white coat, and is racking up the balls. He now goes to the cash register and plays that old, familiar tune, 'This Joint Will Soon Be Mine.'

"Hark! Melodious sounds! It is Carl Harmon, the world's famous pianist, filling a two weeks' engagement at Manhattan Theater, New York. He started his career in vaudeville, but when he composed his startling piece, 'Oozing Along,' his fame began. He has composed many famous pieces, but the 'McCormick Glide' seems to take better with the audience. By the way, Carnegie has pensioned him, as he found the last piece a splendid cure for headaches. He takes the treatment only from the phonograph, as the original treatment is too severe.

"Don't be excited, this noise is only Jim Chapman. He makes a success in the cotton mill business. Goes North on a pleasure trip. Marries a brunette. In two weeks she grows tired of Jim, and gets a divorce. He is discouraged and returns to Spartanburg. Memories of old Converse persuade him to attempt a call on some of the pretty girls, but he is each time spurned. Advertises for a wife, and the only old maid in the city answers. He goes West!

"To the Globe Theater, in Chicago. Swain Merchant is the 'Prima Donna,' with Aiken Carlisle, playing in 'Green Socks.' Loud and laughable, catchy and slow, yet the stars *take* with the galleries.

"Look! a Blue-Coat is pulling a man from the gutter. A crowd is gathering. It is T. B. Humphries, the great Baltimore philanthropist. He

is in New York on a pleasure trip. Not allowed to drink at home, he takes advantage of the big city and drinks too much. But 'tis better to be arrested than scolded by a woman.

"Read—such gorgeous headlines—'Googe and Cooley, Astronomers: Discover Automobiles on Mars.' Thereby proving it is inhabited; Congress votes them medals. Cooley is also famous for his mechanical manicuring machine.

Back in South Carolina! In walking up the streets of Columbia, I noticed this sign, "C. R. Edwards, Insurance." Walking in, I found him trying to persuade an old bachelor that if he buys a marriage license and insures it, he can put off marriage until desired. If girl refuses, of course, he collects the insurance. Claude's specialty is automobile insurance.

"C. S. Rhoads looms up. He is teaching mathematics at a girls' school in Georgia. Fell in love with one of the "Georgia Peaches," married, and now is desiring to leave this school and return to his farm in Mississippi. He expects to be Postmaster-General of the United States, so that he can reduce postage from two cents to one.

"What! A traveling man—Mac Asbill. After leaving college he tried teaching, but found his desires, for seeing the world, so strong, that again he accepted an old position of selling automobile tires. Along with this Mac carries a side line, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and post cards. Mac has determined to remain a bachelor, yet rumors spread that he is engaged to a Washington society girl, and that he will settle down in that city and devote his time to writing a book on 'Modern Rules of Etiquette.'

"What a sound! The people are wild. It is San Francisco. New York is to battle with this city for the United States championship. The umpire announces the batteries, and Stackhouse was to pitch for New York. He led the New York team to the championship of the American League, and now he was to pitch the deciding game for a greater championship. Look! he puts his 'rabbit foot' in his pocket, and, of course, wins the game on his superb pitching. By the way, an actress gave him that 'rabbit foot,' and it is rumored that he will marry her and go on the stage for a living.

"Well, who would have thought it? Tom Easterling went to British, South Africa, as a missionary, and soon succeeded in organizing a Y. M.

C. A. He fooled the natives into paying heavy fees, with which he eloped with a princess. Later, he led a successful rebellion against the English government, and has set up a despotic kingdom, all his own.

"Only two politicians in such a large class—Theo Monroe and Mays Earle. They practice law together in Charleston. Monroe was nominated for the legislature, by the Democrats, and the Republicans, knowing of no better competitor, nominated his law partner, Earle. After a vigorous campaign, election day came and each received forty-eight hundred votes. The election was thrown to the County Board of Elections. Monroe was secretary and a member of the Board, and the vote was again a tie. Monroe exercised the prerogative to break the tie, voting for himself, and, of course, was declared the representative from Charleston County.

"Say, the next fellow is too hard to make me suffer telling of him. It is you, Bethea. Say, have you another bottle of rum?"

"Well, old fellow, you have been so kind to tell me this dream—take this bottle. Say, leave me a drink! Well, that is all right, drink it down." He starts for a corner of the cave and falls down to sleep. I tried to wake him, but his sleep was that of peace never to wake more.

J. EARLE BETHEA, Prophet.



JUNIORS

Officers

J. E. BURCH.....PRESIDENT
 T. B. GRENEKER.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 M. B. PATRICK.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER
 C. C. SHELL, JR.....HISTORIAN



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class History

NO, it was not a Presbyterian Synod nor a Baptist Association, but just a general Convention of the sons of the Circuit-Riders of the South Carolina Conference, that was held when Mr. Wofford's select Seminary for the Higher Education of Upright Youths threw open its portals for the opening of the year 1911. There were just sixteen of this eminent sect, who, in their process of deep research after knowledge, came to enter this ancient and revered Hall of Fame. They immediately distinguished themselves by their intellectual curiosity, and their boldness in satisfying it, and their desires for other things not chronicled in the Y. M. C. A. handbook. Ere long the faculty, learning of their acquired excellence in the implied arts, gave quite a number due recognition by issuing them return passports to the scenes of their childhood. The class mourns their loss.

Don't make the mistake, however, of thinking that we were all like this proverbial class of evil-doers. They compose but one out of many sects into which our class may be divided according to their eccentricities, their athletic tendencies, or their scholastic and literary achievements.

It is an acknowledged fact that we have always been leaders in athletics, having entered into every sport on the campus. Not only have our baseball teams made good showings, but the class has contributed its share to the varsity team. Over half of the gymnasium team are members of our class. The basket-ball teams have always made excellent records, while we are in the habit of contributing more than our share to the varsity team. It is in the football, however, that the class ranks highest. This year we won the class championship with very little opposition, and in combination with the Sophs, defeated the Senior-Fresh team easily. It is the opinion of a great many critics of the game that if Wofford were allowed a varsity team there would be only a few slight changes of the personnel of the Junior team, to that of the varsity squad.

Although the class of 1914 believes in the prowess of might and muscle, it does not do so to the extent of detriment to the other and intellectual branches of college life. Our reputation as men of intellectual willingness, and desirous of knowledge, has made the class an enviable record. Following out the literary lines of thought, we have produced philosophers who come second to none but "Abe Martin"; logicians who can prove by all the laws of science, logic, and Christianity, that a common house-cat has nine different, individual tails of variegated colors; and orators who could talk Cicero or Demosthenes alike black in the face.

Besides our wonderful proficiency in the athletic and literary branches, we have the ablest corps of heart-smashing Society Buds in all the history of the college. Following out the true spirit and underlying class sentiment of thoroughness, they have reached the state par excellence, being able, with a glance to make the heart of Converse do a thumpety-thump interpretation of "Home, Sweet Home," or "Cuddle up a Little Closer, Lovey Mine." It is said that it is usually the latter.

The best of latent material, while still it lies dormant, unless stirred to action by some one with the courage and foresight to take the lead, will forever lie asleep and useless. A mob, a country, or a class is powerless without the necessary leader. The class of 1914 realized this early in the career, and was careful in choosing its leader.

The officers of the Freshman year were: F. R. Gosnell, President; J. I. Robinson, Vice-President, and W. W. Steadman, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Sophomore year produced: L. K. Brice, President; L. J. Cauthen, Vice-President; W. C. Bethea, Secretary, and J. E. Burch, Treasurer.

This year we elected J. E. Burch, President; T. B. Greneker, Vice-President; S. G. Layton, Secretary, and M. B. Patrick, Treasurer.

With the praise and esteem of faculty and student body alike ringing in the ears of the class, it is not difficult to predict great things for it. It is only natural for great things to come from a great class. However beautiful the vista which appears to stretch out before us, nevertheless it is not for the historian to predict, only to record. It is permitted us, however, to invite all to join in "Here's to the class of 1914, which does things right when it does 'em!"

C. C. SHELL, JR., Historian.

Junior Class Roll

ALEXANDER, W. W.	WOODRUFF, S. C.
ALLEN, P. M.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
ANDERSON, JAS. H.	TUCAPAU, S. C.
ANDERSON, JOHN HUGH	GREENWOOD, S. C.
BETHEA, W. C.	BRANCHVILLE, S. C.
BETHEA, J. C.	DILLON, S. C.
BLAKE, W. E.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
BOMAR, L. J.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
BRICE, L. K.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
BURCH, J. E.	DARLINGTON, S. C.
BYERS, W. M.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CALVERT, A. S.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CARMICHAEL, D. C.	MULLINS, S. C.
CARSON, R. K., JR.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CAUTHEN, L. J.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CROMLEY, I. B.	SALUDA, S. C.
CROSS, W. D.	MARION, S. C.
DeSHIELDS, B. F.	LANFORD, S. C.
DuBOSE, H. P.	LAMAR, S. C.
FORD, J. E.	MULLINS, S. C.
FORT, M. K.	FORK, S. C.
FAIRY, R. T.	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
GARRIS, C. C.	SMOAKS, S. C.
GRAY, E. B.	GRAY COURT, S. C.
GUESS, C. D.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
GRENEKER, T. B.	EDGEFIELD, S. C.
GRIER, L. A.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
HEINITSH, H. E., JR.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
HERBERT, T. C.	SUMTER, S. C.
HOOK, E. W.	TATUM, S. C.
HUFF, P. D.	LAURENS, S. C.
HUTTO, G. A.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
IZLAR, L. T.	Ocala, Fla.
JENKINS, R. S.	GREENWOOD, S. C.
JOSEY, H. L.	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
KING, L. S.	BETHUNE, S. C.

Junior Class Roll—Continued

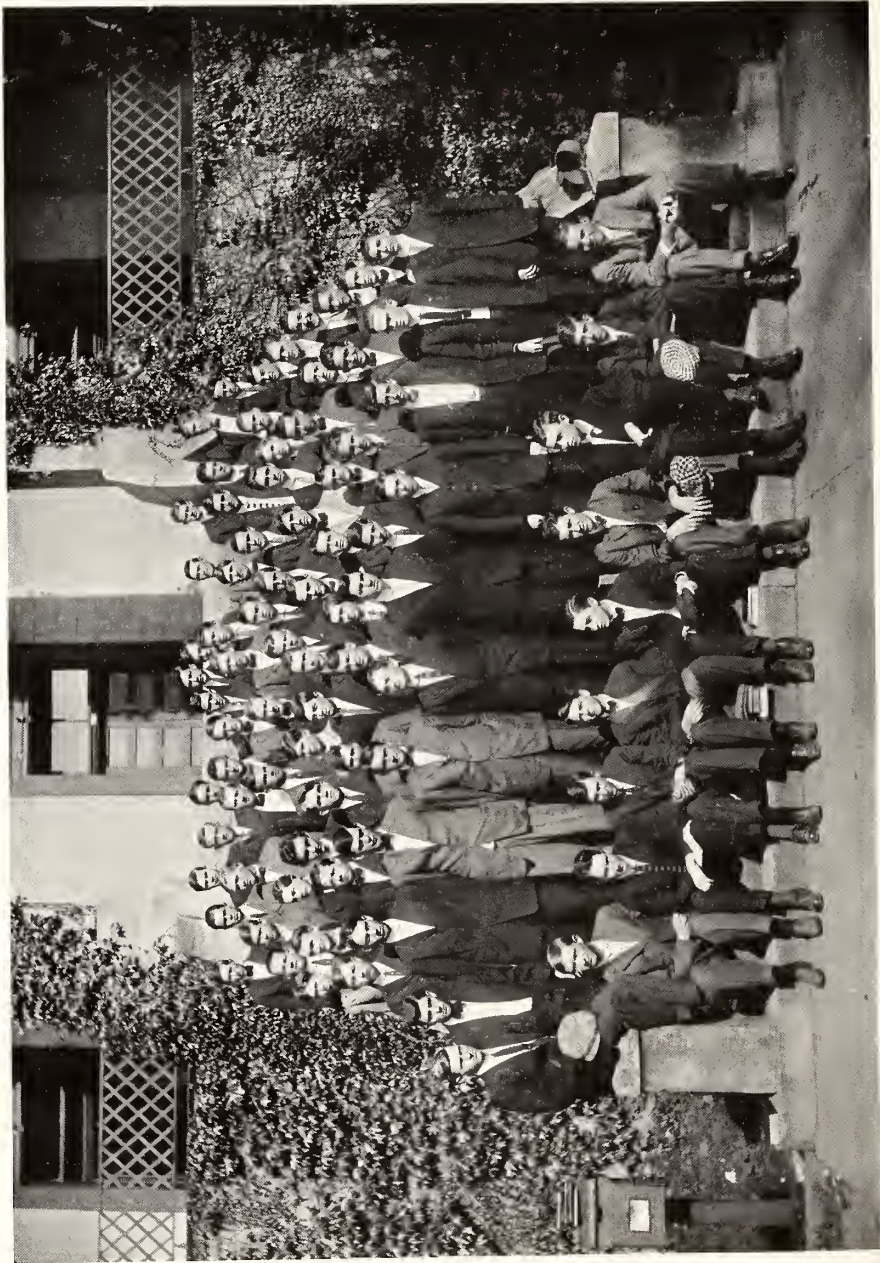
LAKE, T. D.....	LAURENS, S. C.
LAYTON, S. G.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
LILES, BRYAN.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
McCULLOUGH, J. I.....	GAFFNEY, S. C.
MONTGOMERY, F. G.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
MOORE, FRED.....	DUNCAN, S. C.
MOORE, LEROY.....	MOORE, S. C.
MORRISON, C. W.....	SALLEY, S. C.
MORRISON, E. C.....	SALLEY, S. C.
MOSS, S. D.....	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
MOYER, L. A.....	JOHNSTON, S. C.
NORMAN, J. B.....	FAIR FOREST, S. C.
PADGETT, V. L.....	WATERBORO, S. C.
PATRICK, M. B.....	KINGSTREE, S. C.
PATTERSON, J. C.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
PLYLER, W. E.....	LANCASTER, S. C.
RAST, L. O.....	SWANSEA, S. C.
ROBINSON, J. I.....	WOODFORD, S. C.
SEGARS, J. B.....	SUMTER, S. C.
SHELL, C. C.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
SIMS, C. M.....	COWPENS, S. C.
SMITH, W. H.....	TURBEVILLE, S. C.
SMITH, WM. H.....	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
SMITH, M. L.....	JOHNSTON, S. C.
SPROTT, J. M.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
SPROTT, T. Z.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
STACKLEY, S. P.....	KINGSTREE, S. C.
STEADMAN, W. W.....	ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.
WARDLAW, J. F.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
WHARTON, J. P.....	GREENWOOD, S. C.
WADE, D. F.....	GREENWOOD, S. C.
WOOD, D. B.....	GAFFNEY, S. C.

SOPHS



Officers

RALPH SYFAN.....	PRESIDENT
G. W. WANNAMAKER, JR.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. L. CLINKSCALES.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
H. W. SMITH.....	HISTORIAN



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

WHEN we, the class of 1915, entered college on the 18th of September, 1911, we were only simple, green Freshmen. There was nothing extraordinary about us. We did, however, have the possibilities of a class that could make a record that would go down in the annals of our alma mater.

We will now investigate and see what advantage has been taken of the opportunities which have been placed before us since that memorable September morning.

The first test that came was the test that comes to every college student, if he has anything in him—home-sickness. We bore this horrible disease with patience and long-suffering, and, aided by the “kindly disposed” Sophomores, soon overcame it.

The next test that came, or advantage that was offered, was on the athletic field, in baseball, football and basket-ball. A large number of applicants came out for the different positions on the teams. Our baseball team did not win every game; they did, however, defeat the “Fighters,” and, very much to our delight, the Sophomores. Not very much is expected of a Freshman football team, and we did not go beyond the usual expectations in winning games, but we did show that there was something in us and all that we needed was the time and training to bring it out. Our basket-ball team reflected credit on us, winning several games.

Our power of self-reliance, and our physical strength were thus tested, but we had to stand many other tests: one of which was mental, or, in other words—examinations. I don’t believe we should have stood the test nearly so well if it had not been for the anticipation of the happiest time of the scholastic year—the Christmas holidays. After much “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth” we finished the ordeal. Happy? Well, I should say so! It was hard to realize that we were going home.

Judging from our countenances, I am of the opinion that every one of us had a pleasant Christmas, and came back with the determination to do more and better work. Not long after our return we held a class meeting, and, after several heated arguments, adopted the honor system. About this time the societies elected the following Freshmen to represent them in the declamatory contest: Calhoun, H. M. Smith, R. C. Rice; Preston, W. B. Stuckey, J. C. Kearse; Carlisle, R. J. Syfan, H. T. Thrower. E. F. Lucas was elected chief marshal. As our speakers all spoke well, the entire exhibition was a great success. In fact, according to Dame Rumor,

it was, by far, the best Freshman Exhibition ever held at the college. R. J. Syfan won the medal. After the Freshman Exhibition, we had to keep rather quiet until we reached the longed-for distinction of being Sophomores. Therefore, no more was heard from us until we attained that desire.

The style of this history will now be somewhat more dignified, since it has become the history of Sophomores and not Freshmen. In the fall, when we returned, our number was about the same, although there were several new faces and several familiar faces missing. Immediately we held a class meeting and elected Ralph Syfan president to fill the unexpired term of F. C. Ayer, who did not return to college. Since the order in our class meetings had not been the best, we elected a monitor, G. W. Gage, with the power to impose fines. This had never been tried before, but has worked successfully.

In athletics more was expected of us than last year, and I am glad to say that we did not disappoint these expectations. We held our own in baseball, winning two out of four games. However, in football we made a decided improvement. We won from the Freshmen, who had an exceptionally strong team, and who had just tied the Seniors. Though we lost the other two games by very close scores, we made the opposing teams fight, and fight for every inch. We haven't, as yet, won a cup, but in basket-ball we came so close that we almost thought we had it, winning three out of four games and playing close for the fourth.

Heretofore, the Sophomore speakers had been elected by the class, but since the societies are better able to pass on the ability of their members, and since a medal has been offered, it was deemed best by the class to turn over the election of the speakers to the societies. The results of these elections were as follows: Calhoun, R. C. Rice, H. M. Smith; Preston, W. B. Stuckey, H. Manning; Carlisle, H. N. Dukes, C. E. King. The class elected L. B. Wannamaker chief marshal. It is now our hope to do better as Sophomores, if possible, than we did as Freshmen.

If we can only continue to improve as we have been improving, we *shall* be able, as I have already said, to make a record that will go down in the annals of our alma mater.

HUBERT M. SMITH, Historian.

Sophomore Class Roll

BARNES, B. T.	PROSPERITY, S. C.
BLACKMAN, E. H.	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
BOMAR, E. C.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
BOYD, L. D.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
BROADWAY, B. B.	SUMMERTON, S. C.
BROWN, W. J.	LEO, S. C.
CHAPMAN, R. H.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CHRISTMAN, M. S.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CHRISTMAN, W. F.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CLINKSCALES, H. L.	GREENWOOD, S. C.
COX, A. M.	DOTHAN, N. C.
CROMLEY, J. V.	SALUDA, S. C.
CURTIS, H. C.	PAXVILLE, S. C.
DARBY, O. A.	ROCK HILL, S. C.
DEAN, J. B.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
DUKES, H. N.	SANDERSVILLE, GA.
DUNBAR, I. D.	UNION, S. C.
ELLERBE, D. E.	MARION, S. C.
EVANS, F. D.	ELLOREE, S. C.
FLEMING, R. H., JR.	BRYSON, S. C.
FREY, J. R.	FAIR FOREST, S. C.
GAGE, G. W., JR.	CHESTER, S. C.
GRAY, C. D.	GRAY COURT, S. C.
HAMILTON, A. M., JR.	HUNTSVILLE, ALA.
HAMMOND, S. R.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
HARLEY, J. S.	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
HARRIS, J. D., JR.	GREENVILLE, S. C.
HERBERT, A. S.	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
HOLMAN, W. W.	ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.
HUGHES, G. T.	COLUMBIA, S. C.
HUTCHISON, J. C.	NINETY-SIX, S. C.
JOHNSON, C. G.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
JOHNSON, C. L.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
JONES, E. E.	SALLEY, S. C.
JORDAN, O. G.	HAMER, S. C.
KEARSE, J. C.	EHRHARDT, S. C.
KENNEY, R. E.	JOHNSTON, S. C.
KILGORE, H. B.	WOODRUFF, S. C.
KING, C. E.	MCBEE, S. C.
KLUGH, W. G.	GREENWOOD, S. C.
LANHAM, J. M., JR.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
LEGETTE, J. Y.	LATTA, S. C.
LITTLEJOHN, H. C.	GAFFNEY, S. C.
LUCAS, E. F.	LAURENS, S. C.

Sophomore Class Roll — Continued

McFALL, J. J.	PICKENS, S. C.
MARLOWE, G. G.	DOTHAN, N. C.
MANNING, H.	LATTA, S. C.
MELVIN, W.	DILLON, S. C.
MERCHANT, J. E.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
MITCHELL, P. B.	PROSPERITY, S. C.
MONROE, C. A.	MARTON, S. C.
MOSELEY, R. R.	LAURENS, S. C.
MULDROW, L. M.	CLARKS HILL, S. C.
NICHOLS, S. F.	NICHOLS, S. C.
PARKER, LEE	WARD, GA.
PERRY, G. M.	ROCKTON, S. C.
PHILLIPS, C. D.	COLUMBIA, S. C.
PITCHFORD, C. W.	WALHALLA, S. C.
RAYSOR, F. M.	ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.
RICE, R. C.	UNION, S. C.
RILEY, J. J.	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
RUCKER, J. S.	SWANSEA, S. C.
SANDERS, D. D.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
SANDERS, D. P.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
SHAFFER, J. A.	COLUMBIA, S. C.
SMITH, H. M.	HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.
SPANN, J. E.	BAMBERG, S. C.
SPROTT, C. W.	MANNING, S. C.
STUART, J. G.	CORONACA, S. C.
STUCKEY, R. C.	BISHOPVILLE, S. C.
STUCKEY, W. B.	SUMTER, S. C.
SUMMERS, J. W.	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
SYFAN, R.	ABBEVILLE, S. C.
THOMPSON, E. W.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
TOWNSEND, J. M.	BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.
WALL, W. D.	INMAN, S. C.
WANNAMAKER, G. W., JR.	ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.
WANNAMAKER, L. B.	ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.
WATERS, H. G.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
WHITAKER, P. A.	EHRHARDT, S. C.
WHITE, E. O.	CAMDEN, S. C.
WOLFE, J. A.	INMAN, S. C.
WOLFE, J. S.	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
WHITMAN, J. B.	SPARTANBURG, S. C.



Officers

C. B. HUFF.....	PRESIDENT
C. A. CARTER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. G. RAMSEUR.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
WARREN ARIAIL.....	HISTORIAN



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History



ON the eighteenth day of last September, this Freshman Class, being very green and rather awkward, made its first appearance on Wofford campus. What a wonderful day it was! The day to which so many splendid imaginations had pointed within the past. No longer were we high school boys, but we were full-fledged college Freshmen, full of life, and as green as we could be. Things which had appeared large to us now seemed to be small. Life had wrought an ideal change. Very soon, however, the charm of new associates, and the sight of new things were forgotten, and the vivid memory of "Home, sweet home," took complete possession of the class. "Tears, idle tears, rose to our eyes, on thinking of the days that are no more."

The first month passed, and although some of the well-manifested greenness was wearing off, the tender touch of memory still held our hearts in its sway. As time passed on, the light of other days seemed to grow much brighter, and our hearts longed for the slowly approaching birthday of the Great Nazarene. Some of us became feverish, and many lay for several days in their beds, "sighing for the touch of a vanished hand." This was, however, the simplest result of oikinosia, and the peerless pain caused by mutability.

Among the first honors paid to our class was a splendid reception, which was given to us by the college. We not only had the opportunity of meeting the other classes, and receiving their welcomes, but also the special privilege of making the acquaintances of some of Spartanburg's fairest. Mr. L. D. B. Williams, representing our class, gave a very appropriate speech, expressing the appreciation we all felt toward our benefactors.

We soon became settled enough to organize a class. We elected the following officers: President, L. D. B. Williams; Vice-President, C. A. Carter; Secretary, M. T. Williams. As soon as the class was well organized, we adopted the honor system, as the other classes had done.

Athletics have played an important part in our history. We formed a baseball team with E. M. Wharton, Captain, and Chas. Lucius, Manager; a football team with R. T. Osborne, Captain, and P. T. Carter, Manager; a basket-ball team with C. H. DeShields, Captain, and W. M. Turbeville, Manager. The basket-ball team has been our weakest. Considering the amount of training our boys had within the past, I think the class has done exceptionally well in each team.

On our return to college in January, we were somewhat sorry to note that some of our friends were kept at home. On account of this fact, we were forced to begin the second term with some new officers. In the place of Mr. M. T. Williams, Mr. W. G. Ramseur was elected secretary. A few days later at a meeting of the class, Mr. L. D. B. Williams, the president, resigned his office, and Mr. C. B. Huff was elected in his place.

The speakers for the Freshman Exhibition have been chosen. They are as follows: from the Calhoun Society, O. P. Huff, and R. M. Medlock; from the Preston Society, W. G. Ramseur, and E. R. Moseley; from the Carlisle Society, C. A. Carter, and G. W. Palmer. Society work in every respect has been very good among the Freshmen. We are glad to say that we are well represented in each of the societies.

We are the first Freshmen to have the honor of entering the Carlisle Hall. The Hall is an ideal college dormitory, and, I can safely say, there is none in the state that can equal it. The life in the Hall is very pleasant, and we have formed a close friendship with the Sophomore class.

Well, the year is drawing to its close. It seems but a short while ago that we entered, and it will seem but a short time till we, who are Freshmen now, shall be graduates of Wofford. We have done very good work in the classroom, but we recognize the fact that there is great room for improvement. Let us all improve. Life is what we make it; it is a stupendous failure if we make it so. As the year draws to its close, let us arise and grasp the opportunities of the Great. Then the rush of time can only make us grow old.

WARREN ARIAIL, Historian.

Freshman Class Roll

ABERCROMBIE, J. F.....	FOUNTAIN INN, S. C.
ADAMS, J. C.....	McCOLL, S. C.
ARIAIL, W. G.....	ST. GEORGE, S. C.
BASS, H. H.....	LATTA, S. C.
BENNETT, J. S., JR.....	CLIO, S. C.
BOWMAN, H. C.....	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
BRABHAM, J. E.....	LANCASTER, S. C.
BROOKS, A. L.....	IRVING, S. C.
BROWN, H. J.....	McFARLAN, N. C.
CABRAL, NATHANIEL.....	PORTO ALEGRE, BRAZIL.
CALHOUN, J. L.....	NINETY-SIX, S. C.
CANNON, G. D.....	CONWAY, S. C.
CANNON, R. C.....	VENTERS, S. C.
CARTER, C. A.....	LANCASTER, S. C.
CARTER, P. T.....	LOWRYVILLE, S. C.
CASTLES, J. O.....	SMYRNA, S. C.
CAUTHEN, CARLISLE.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
COCKFIELD, H. W.....	VENTERS, S. C.
COVINGTON, CARL.....	CLIO, S. C.
CREIGHTON, C. R.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CREWS, W. H.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CROMLEY, B. G.....	SALUDA, S. C.
CUNNINGHAM, J. C.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CURTIS, H. C.....	PAXVILLE, S. C.
DANIELS, W. W.....	COLLEGE PLACE, S. C.
DARGAN, WILLIAM.....	LITTLE ROCK, S. C.
DeSHIELDS, C. H.....	LANFORD, S. C.
DREYER, P.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
EDENS, ROD.....	CLIO, S. C.
EPPS, W. D.....	CADES, S. C.
EUBANKS, J. E.....	WARRENVILLE, S. C.
FAIREY, T. K.....	ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.
FELKEL, H. E.....	ELLOREE, S. C.
FERGUSON, R. B.....	Ocala, FLA.
FLETCHER, R. T.....	McCOLL, S. C.
FURSE, E. W.....	SUMMERTON, S. C.
FURSE, G. H.....	SUMMERTON, S. C.

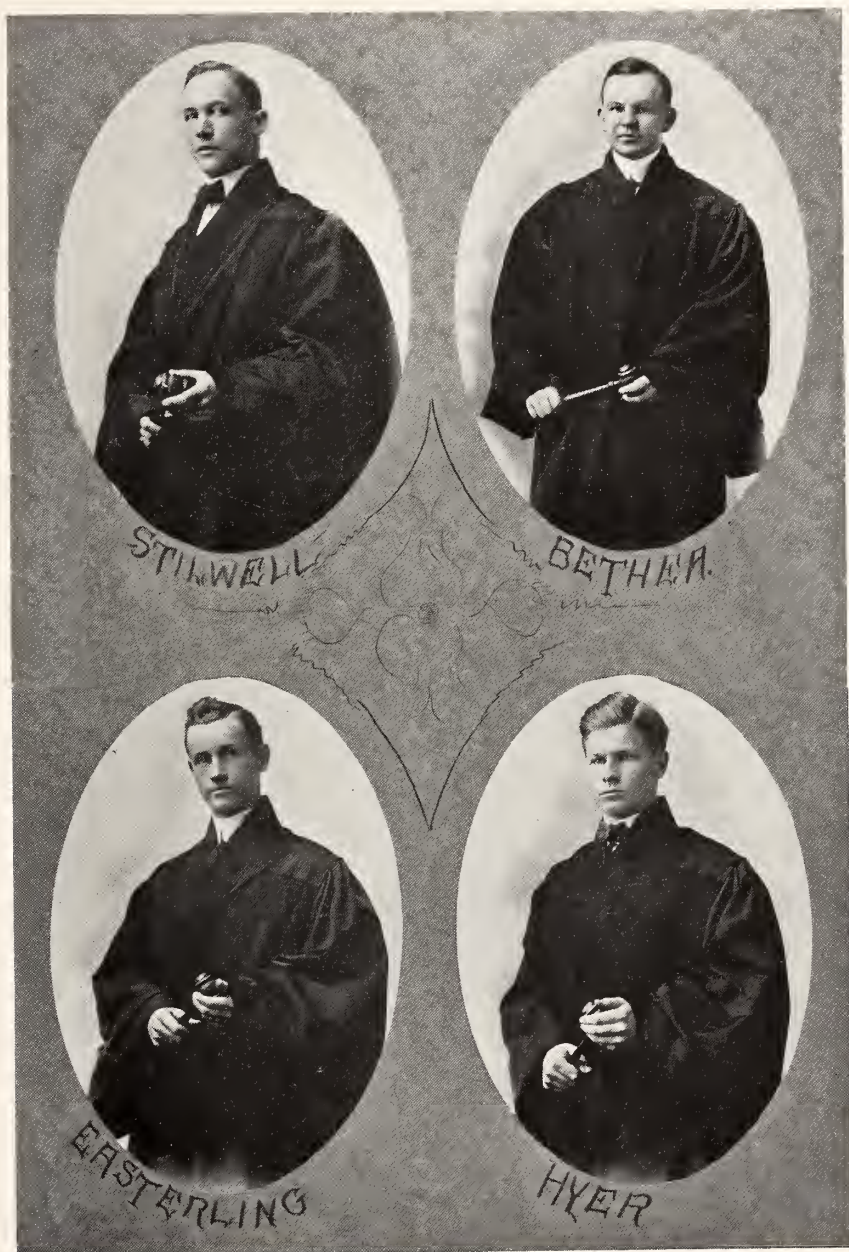
Freshman Class Roll—Continued

GOSNELL, C. B.....	INMAN, S. C.
GLEATON, W. P.....	PINOPOLIS, S. C.
GRIFFIN, H. E.....	NINETY-SIX, S. C.
GRIFFITH, H. P.....	GAFFNEY, S. C.
HALL, N. A.....	MANNING, S. C.
HARRIS, G. W.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
HATCHETT, J. W.....	MOORE, S. C.
HEATON, G.....	BRANCHVILLE, S. C.
HODGES, W. H.....	BAMBERG, S. C.
HOLCOMBE, V. E.....	ENOREE, S. C.
HOOD, J. H.....	HICKORY GROVE, S. C.
HOWARD, C. T.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
HUGHES, V. J.....	VENTERS, S. C.
HUFF, C. B.....	SIMPSONVILLE, S. C.
HUFF, O. P.....	LAURENS, S. C.
JACKSON, T. J., JR.....	IVA, S. C.
JONES, W. G.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
JORDAN, F. H.....	LAMAR, S. C.
KING, W. B.....	CONWAY, S. C.
KIRKWOOD, R. B.....	BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.
LANGFORD, J. R.....	PROSPERITY, S. C.
LATIMER, G. T.....	CHESTER, S. C.
LUMPKIN, R. E.....	CHESTER, S. C.
LUCIUS, C. G.....	SUMTER, S. C.
MARLOWE, A. L.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
MANCHESTER, F. A.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
MEDLOCK, R. T.....	GREENWOOD, S. C.
MOODY, H. M.....	KEMPER, S. C.
MOORE, R. S.....	MOORE, S. C.
MOSELEY, E. F.....	LAURENS, S. C.
MURPH, J. E.....	WHITESTONE, S. C.
McCLIMON, J. S.....	GREER, S. C.
McCRAVY, H. W.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
McLAUGHLIN, J. M.....	PACOLET, S. C.
NICHOLS, WEBSTER.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
OSBORNE, R. L.....	ANDERSON, S. C.
OWENS, J. C.....	GRAY COURT, S. C.
PALMER, G. W.....	PENDLETON, S. C.

Freshman Class Roll—Continued

PATE, REMBERT	CLIO, S. C.
PATTERSON, J. W.....	LANFORD, S. C.
PATTERSON, R. A.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
PENDERGRASS, E. P.....	FLORENCE, S. C.
PRUITT, J. C.....	IVA, S. C.
RAMSEUR, W. G.....	CENTRAL, S. C.
REID, T. F.....	ROCK HILL, S. C.
REID, W. C.....	ROCK HILL, S. C.
REYNOLDS, J. B.....	LAMAR, S. C.
SALLEY, W. C.....	SALLEY, S. C.
SMITH, G. B.....	CAMPOBELLO, S. C.
SMITH, R. J.....	ORANGEBURG, S. C.
SMITH, R. J.....	GLENN SPRINGS, S. C.
SMITH, T. G.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
SPROTT, J. E.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
SPROTT, J. W.....	MANNING, S. C.
SULLIVAN, W. B.....	ANDERSON, S. C.
SUGGS, W. K.....	LORIS, S. C.
SWINK, W. T.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
SWITZER, H. C.....	SWITZER, S. C.
TATUM, J. M.....	COPE, S. C.
TILLINGHAST, O. A.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
TURBEVILLE, WM.....	TURBEVILLE, S. C.
TURNER, EARLE.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
WADE, L. D.....	GREENWOOD, S. C.
WALKER, J. A.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
WHAM, W. L.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
WHARTON, E. M.....	GREENWOOD, S. C.
WHARTON, W. C.....	COLUMBIA, S. C.
WHITESIDES, F. E.....	SPARTANBURG, S. C.
WILLIAMS, L. D. B.....	CONWAY, S. C.
WILLIAMS, M. T.....	CLOVER, S. C.
WALLING, J. S.....	ALLENDALE, S. C.
YEARGIN, L. T.....	GRAY COURT, S. C.
ZIMMERMAN, J. H.....	CHAPPELLS, S. C.





CALHOUN SOCIETY PRESIDENTS



Calhoun Society Roll

ALEXANDER, W. W.
 ANDERSON, J. H., JR.
 ANDERSON, J. H.
 ASBILL, B. M.
 ADAMS, G. C.
 BETHEA, J. C.
 BETHEA, J. E.
 BETHEA, W. C.
 BLACK, H. S.
 FLAKE, W. E.
 BRICE, L. K.
 BROWN, H. H.
 BURNETT, BOBO
 BYERS, W. M.
 BOMAR, L. J.
 BOMAR, E. C.
 BURNETT, J. L.
 CALVERT, A. S.
 CALVERT, J. T.
 CARLISLE, A. R.
 CARSON, R. K., JR.
 CARTER, W. J., JR.
 CARTER, P. T.
 CHAPMAN, J. A., JR.
 CHAPMAN, R. H.
 CROSS, W. D.
 CLINKSCALES, H. L.
 CREIGHTON, C. R.
 CALHOUN, J. L.
 CREWS, W. H.
 COLEMAN, W. O.
 COVINGTON, C.
 EARLE, C. M.
 EPPS, J. C.
 EDWARDS, J. A.
 EASTERLING, C. T., JR.

EDENS, R. M.
 FAIREY, R. T.
 FLEMING, R. H.
 FLETCHER, R. T.
 GRENEKER, T. B.
 GRIER, L. A.
 GAGE, G. W.
 HEINITSH, H. E.
 HYER, J. C.
 HUFF, P. D.
 HUFF, C. B.
 HUFF, O. P.
 HAMMOND, S. B.
 HALL, N. A.
 HUTCHISON, J. C.
 HOWARD, C. T.
 HOLCOMBEE, V. E.
 JENKINS, R. S.
 JOHNSON, C. G.
 JOHNSON, C. L.
 KLUGH, W. G.
 KENNEY, R. E.
 KIRKWOOD, R. B.
 LAYTON, S. G.
 LAKE, T. D., JR.
 LILES, BRYAN
 LUCAS, E. F.
 LANHAM, J. M.
 MERCHANT, S. A.
 MERCHANT, J. E.
 MONTGOMERY, F. G.
 MELVIN, WM.
 MEDLOCK, R. T.
 MALONE, A. L.
 MANCHESTER, F. A.
 NICKELS, W.

NICHOLS, S. F.
 OSBORNE, R. L.
 PADGETT, V. L.
 PATRICK, M. B.
 PENDERGRASS, E. P.
 PATE, REMBERT
 PATTERSON, R. A.
 RICE, C. R.
 RILEY, J. J.
 SHELL, C. C., JR.
 SMITH, W. H.
 SMITH, H. M.
 SMITH, R. J.
 SPROTT, J. M.
 SPROTT, T. Z.
 SPROTT, C. W.
 SPROTT, J. M.
 STACKHOUSE, J. M.
 STILWELL, L. J.
 STACKLEY, S. P.
 SANDERS, D. P.
 SANDERS, D. D.
 STUART, J. D.
 SULLIVAN, W. P.
 TOWNSEND, J. M.
 TILLINGHAST, D. A.
 WARDLAW, J. F.
 WATSON, L. N.
 WHARTON, J. P.
 WHARTON, E. M.
 WHARTON, W. C.
 WADE, D. F.
 WADE, L. D.
 WHITMAN, J. B.
 WALKER, J. A., JR.
 WHAM, L. T.





CARLISLE SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

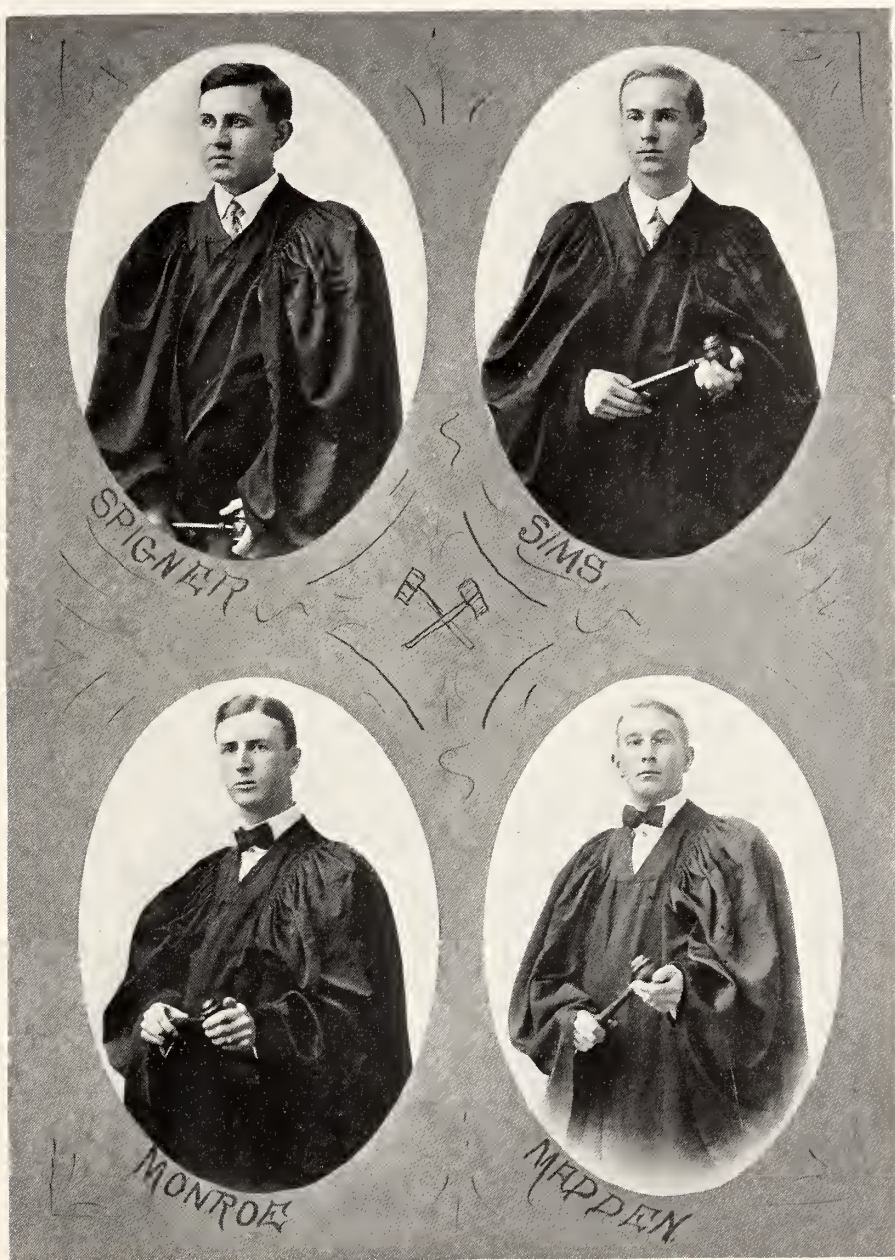


Carlisle Society Roll

BARNES, B. T.	JORDAN, O. G.
BROADWAY, B. B.	JORDAN, F. A.
BROWN, H. J.	KELLY, J. G.
BROWN, W. J.	KING, C. E.
BURCH, J. E.	KING, L. S.
CARMICHAEL, D. C.	LEGETTE, J. Y.
CARTER, C. A.	MARLOWE, G. G.
CANNON, G. C.	MOODY, H. M.
CABRAL, N.	McFALL, J. J.
CROMLEY, I. B.	PAYSINGER, J. B.
CROMLEY, J. V.	PALMER, G. W.
CROMLEY, B. G.	PHILLIPS, C. D.
COX, A. M.	PITCHFORD, C. W.
DU BOSE, H. P.	PLYLER, W. E.
DUKES, H. N.	PRUITT, J. C.
DUNLAP, S. C.	RAST, L. O.
EDWARDS, D. L.	RAYSOR, F. W.
EUBANKS, J. E.	REYNOLDS, J. B.
FORD, J. E.	ROBINSON, J. I.
FORT, M. K.	RUCKER, J. S.
FURSE, E. W.	SEGARS, J. B.
FURSE, G. H.	SIMS, C. M.
GARRIS, C. C.	SMITH, M. L.
GOOGE, A. L.	STUCKEY, R. C.
GLEATON, W. D.	SWITZER, H. C.
GREEN, J. O.	SUGGS, W. K.
HAMILTON, A. M.	SYFAN, R.
HARRIS, J. W.	TILLER, W. H.
HATCHETT, J. W.	VAUGHN, F. F.
HODGES, G. H.	WANNAMAKER, L. B.
HUTTO, G. A.	WILLIAMS, L. D. B.
HUGHES, G. T.	WALL, W. D.
HUGHES, B. S.	WOLFE, J. A.
IZLAR, L. T.	WOOD, D. B.

ZIMMERMAN, J. H.





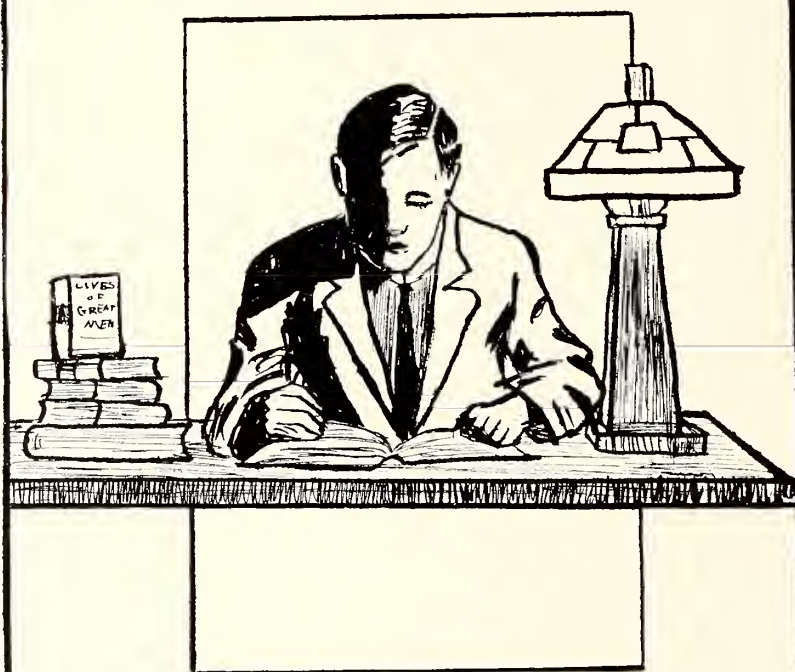
PRESTON SOCIETY PRESIDENTS



Preston Society Roll

ALLEN, P. M.	GRIFFIN, H. E.	MULDROW, L. M.
ARIAIL, W. S.	GRIFFITH, H. P.	MURPH, J. A.
BASS, H. H.	GUESS, C. D.	NORMAN, J. B.
BLACKMAN, E. H.	HARLEY, J. S.	OWENS, J. C.
BLAIR, F. S.	HARMAN, J. C.	PATTERSON, J. C.
BOWMAN, H. C.	HERBERT, T. C.	PARKER, LEE
BRABHAM, J. E.	HERBERT, A. S.	PERRY, G. M.
BROOKS, A. S.	HODGES, W. H.	RAMSEUR, W. T.
CANNON, R. C.	HOLMAN, W. W.	REID, W. C.
CAUTHEN, L. J.	HOOK, E. W.	REID, T. F.
CAUTHEN, J. C.	HOOD, J. H.	RHOAD, C. S.
CASTLES, J. O.	HUMPHRIES, T. B.	SHAFFER, J. A.
CHRISTMAN, M. S.	JONES, E. E.	SIMS, H. R.
CHRISTMAN, W. F.	JOSEY, H. L.	SIMS, H. S.
COCKFIELD, H. W.	KEARSE, J. C.	SMITH, W. H.
COOLEY, W. Y.	KILGORE, H. B.	SMITH, R. J.
CUNNINGHAM, J. C.	LANGFORD, J. R.	SMITH, T. G.
DANIELS, W. W.	LATIMER, G. T.	SMITH, G. B.
DARBY, O. A.	MADDEN, Z. L.	SPANN, J. E.
DAVIS, H. M.	MANNING, H.	STALLWORTH, E. B.
DARGAN, W. H.	MCCLIMON, J. S.	STEADMAN, W. W.
DESHIELDS, B. F.	MCCRABY, H.	SPROTT, J. E.
DESHIELDS, C. H.	McCULLOUGH, J. I.	STUCKEY, W. B.
DREYER, R.	McLAUGHLIN, J. M.	SUMMERS, J. W.
EDWARDS, C. R.	MONROE, C. A.	SPIGNER, E. T.
ELLERBE, D. E.	MONROE, J. T.	TATUM, J. M.
EPPTS, DANIEL	MOORE, FRED	TURBEVILLE, W. M.
EVANS, F. D.	MOORE, LeROY	TURNER, E. T.
FAIREY, T. K.	MORRISON, C. W.	WALLING, J. S.
FELKEL, H. E.	MORRISON, E. C.	WANNAMAKER, G. W.
FREY, J. R.	MOSELEY, R. R.	WATERS, H. G.
GENES, S. A.	MOSELEY, E. T.	WHITAKER, P. A.
GIBSON, H. G.	MOSS, S. D.	WHITESIDES, G. E.
GOSNELL, C.	MOSS, W. J.	WHITE, E. O.
GRAY, C. D.	MOYER, L. A.	WOLFE, J. S.
GRAY, E. B.		YEARGIN, L. T.

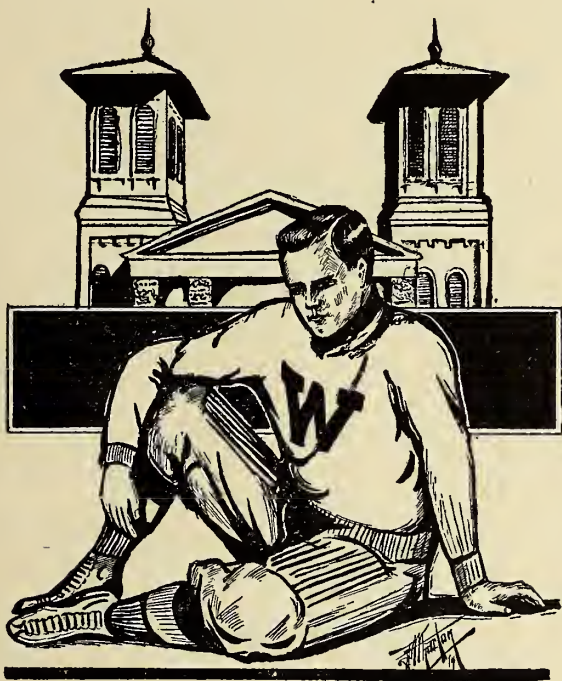
LITERARY



DEPARTMENT

H.L. CLINKSCALES

Wofford College Journal



January, Nineteen Thirteen

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889.

Vol. 23, Whole Number 209

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE
AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., JANUARY 15, 1913.

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief HENRY R. SIMS
CALHOUN

Business Manager J. C. HYER

Athletic Editor C. M. EARLE, JR.

Y. M. C. A. Editor C. T. EASTERLING, JR.

Assistant Exchange Editor J. P. WHARTON

CARLISLE

Literary Editor D. L. EDWARDS

Exchange Editor J. G. KELLY

Assistant Business Manager L. S. KING

PRESTON

Local Editor Z. L. MADDEN

Assistant Literary Editor T. C. HERBERT



JOURNAL STAFF

Night

*Night is settling, like a pall,
Over woodland, field and dale;
With a dismal, sable hand
She applies her darksome veil.
Sunbeams quickly vanish—to
Other regions fast departing,
Leaving only darkness—shadows
Lightly shifting, freely darting.
Daylight lingers, waning fast;
Darkness hovers on all sides,
Save to westward, where alone
Twilight, with a glow, abides,
As if loath to take her leave.
Clouds are drifting, pink and red,
With the flush of dying day—
Steeped in sunlight as it fled.
Night has spread her sable wings
Over meads and woodlands all,
Day is held in servitude,
And unbroken is her thrall.*

D. L. E., '13.

The Lawyer for the Defence



WHAT was the most dramatic experience I ever had?" asked the old Judge, as he sat in front of the law offices of several friends, waiting for the next train. "That's a pretty hard question, but the most exciting I ever attended was when I presided over the trial of Becky Train, the murderer of Senator Banton. You doubtless remember the murder which occurred while Senator Banton was touring the state, making a fight for Cuban intervention. The Senator was not a native of this state, but to aid the cause of liberty he was traveling at his own expense, stirring up in Americans a feeling of shame for the oppressed people of Cuba.

"The Senator had just finished a most remarkable speech in favor of his devoted cause and hundreds of his admirers were crowding up to shake his hand in congratulation. No one noticed an old woman, whose face would have betrayed her occupation, as she walked slowly up to the speaker's stand. An instant later the audience was startled to hear a shot and see the Senator sink lifelessly to the floor. The old woman, with a ghastly smile of triumph, stood with the smoking pistol in her hand, making no effort to get away. She was arrested but made no statement.

"The press of the nation rang with praise for the martyr and condemnation for the 'foul wretch that wrenched life from one of the gentlest of souls, the kindest of men.' The entire nation formed a throng at the funeral bier of the dead Senator, and his wife and children received hundreds of sympathetic messages, while thousands of floral offerings of grief and love flowed in upon the saddened family. The nation, shocked at the death of this noble man, who had been spoken of prominently for the Presidency, could not express its grief. But at last it came in a universal demand that the murderer be executed, that the woman pay the penalty of her crime.

"All this time the woman said nothing. She expressed her willingness to be tried and nothing more. Special reporters sought her, newspaper men were over-jealous to discover a cause for the shooting. This much they discovered. The woman was one from the underworld and had lived in the city, where the murder took place, for the past twenty years. During all this time the dead Senator had not been within one hundred miles of the city in which she lived. What, then, was the cause of the murder? Was it some smouldering thirst for revenge that had lingered within her

for years? Or was it merely the insane delusion of a woman cast off by society, who took this step to punish those who rejected her and her class? The latter idea became accepted.

"It was two months later. The jury had been secured. I was on the bench, and appointed a young lawyer in court to defend the woman. The public prosecutor had given his personal attention to the case, and everything was ready when the jury had been selected. The case dragged along two days. The solicitor had made out a splendid case. He had traced the woman's life back for thirty years, and at no time could it be identified with that of the dead statesman. He had shown her to be clearly a parasite on society—one of the women whose name could not be mentioned in society. He brought forward the necessary witnesses to identify the woman, to prove the murder, and when the state rested its case on the afternoon of the second day there appeared no reasonable hope but that the woman would pay the penalty of her crime.

"The young lawyer who was to defend the woman—Woods was his name, I believe—arose and asked that court adjourn for the remainder of the day, and the case be resumed in the morning. This was agreed to. The next morning the defence brought in a few witnesses. It was brief. The woman's birthplace was given, and it was related how she had grown up young and innocent in her native village, until, having met a stranger, she became enamored with him, and from his wooing was led on to her ruin. In no instance was the dead Senator's name mentioned. The defence had fallen down completely, but it had used up an entire day. The attorneys then agreed that each side would have one hour on the following morning to sum up its case and make its argument before the jury, after which the fate of the woman would be in the hands of the jury.

"The prosecutor sat down. For more than an hour he had been pleading, in an eloquent manner, for the punishment of the depraved wretch that had struck down the great statesman in his hour of glory. He had, in a scathing manner, drawn up an indictment against the entire pariah class, and this woman, as its representative, had been the target of his sarcasm, his withering scorn, and hail of invectives. He had pictured to the sorrowful jury the dead Senator's home in the distant state, he had called on the jury to heed the cry of the widowed mother and fatherless children that justice be done. He had warned them against encouraging such acts, and declared that if this crime went unpunished it would be forever a stain upon the shrine of justice.

"Never, in his entire career, had he appeared to earnest, so eloquent. It was not the fact that the entire nation looked on while the prosecution

was in progress, but only his zeal as the prosecutor of evil-doers. 'Let not your feeling of sympathy for a woman aid the criminal,' he cried to the jury. 'She is not a woman, but a beast. Womanhood calls for sympathy, love and tenderness, but from the heart of this creature come only murder and hate. Think of your wives at home: would you, for a minute, compare their womanly qualities, their instincts of tenderness and kindness, with the beastly hate, sleeping through years of shame, that compelled this woman to take the life of Senator Banton when his services were so needed by his country?'

"Magnificent was his tribute to the dead politician—as eloquent and grandiloquent as his indictment of the 'creature' had been scathing and stern. He pictured him in the rose of life, fighting the battles of freedom for an oppressed nation. Pictured him answering the call of duty, and told the jury, in conclusion, 'that the entire population of this civilized and Christianized nation is calling for justice, the people in oppressed Cuba are forgetting the touch of the Spanish whip long enough to breathe a prayer for their dead defender, and out in his far-off home a widow's tear and a child's cry come in an appeal for justice. Never before has the appeal been unheard by a jury in this grand old state, and the prosecution rests its case, feeling confident that the twelve men, upon whom rests the dignity and honor of the state, will be found capable of upholding her dignity and of preserving her honor.'

"Young Woods, for the defence, now arose. If it be permitted by the judge, the plea for the defence would be made by 'the gifted lawyer from our neighboring state, the Hon. Charles A. Patton.' Immediately the excitement in the courthouse rose to fever heat. Everybody had noticed, as one of the most attentive hearers of the trial, a very distinguished looking man, who had sat near the front every day, and had not been missing at any time during the trial. Not an expression had been noted in his calm, impassive face, half-hidden by the iron-grey mustache, and, as he arose to face the judge, every one saw in him the able leader, the born orator that he was known to be in his own state. There being no objection, the stranger lawyer, glancing slightly in the direction of the accused woman, faced the jury. The woman, all this time, had not betrayed a movement of recognition or animation, except as the name was announced those nearby heard a slight gasp, and as the lawyer began to speak her face sank slowly on the table in front of her. Not once during his speech did she lift her head.

"The Hon. Charles A. Patton was speaking. In contrast to the fiery vindictiveness of the prosecutor, there was the calm poise of the man with a just cause to plead, and notwithstanding the hostility of the jury and

audience, he began his speech, quietly. The jury had just listened, he said, to an eloquent indictment of the woman accused and her entire class. The harsh words of the prosecutor were true. In the heart of the woman there was, perhaps, nothing of kindness, nothing of purity, nothing of love. The terrible crime that she had committed had been done, apparently, in cold blood, and taking things as the prosecutor had skilfully led up to them, she deserved to be hung.

“‘But we are here to seek justice, not to punish, and if in our search for justice we go back a score of years, instead of months, it matters not.’ Skilfully he began to draw for the jury a picture in a far-off town (which the jury immediately recognized as that of the defendant) of a young girl, pure, sweet, vivacious and happy. Only a school girl, but the picture he drew corresponded to another in the hearts of every man in the court room. He proceeded; he pictured a young country boy, manly, full of life, true-hearted, and the jury knew the old, old story. Soon, however, a stranger came to the village—he only stayed three days, but in that time the heart of the girl had been flattered, and her love for her country sweetheart turned cold, compared to her admiration for the dashing stranger.

“‘It was the sad, old story. Led on by the stranger’s promises, she left home and met him at the place appointed in his letter. She didn’t know at first that the marriage ceremony was only a fake; she didn’t know that she was being sentenced to a life of shame; she never suspected that instead of the true-hearted lover, she had married only a college rake, living on the richness of the folks back home. It only took a week to find it out. He left her, and she, unable to live at home any more, or return to those she had left behind, and, too timid to face the publicity necessary to secure the punishment of the man who had wronged her, commenced her bitter struggle alone.

“‘She failed in the struggle with life, and a life of shame was the penalty. But each time she realized the horridness of her nature, each time she felt the repulsive looks of those who passed her, she swore silently that some day, God being willing, the man who was responsible would pay the penalty. For each minute of suffering and pain on her part, he, having reformed, was becoming highly successful and honored in his community. But for her there was no reform—she tried, but just as she was fairly started, along came the spectre of the past. ‘Is it any wonder, gentlemen of the jury, that the kindness and sympathy she had in her young heart should have been crushed out? Full of noble instincts, and with a heart overflowing with that love the prosecutor has praised in true woman, she had found out that the world was not true, that love itself had led her to ruin.

“‘They call her an enemy to society. Is not society responsible for her plight? Was it not society that refused to open any gateway other than shame by which she could live? The prosecutor tells you that she has wronged society, but I tell you society wronged her. Was there any one to give her a chance? Did not society turn its back on her, yet receive her traducer with open arms? Could not the young man who ruined her have gone back to her native village and walked in the company of the best people, and yet she was condemned to the lowest rounds of hell? The widow of the dead Senator calls for justice, but the young girl who over thirty years ago trusted all in the honor and faith of one man, calls for justice, too. The dead aspirations of a pure childhood, the dreaded years of suffering, the pangs of remorse, and the degradations of shame call for justice. Shall the wretch that inflicted years of punishment upon her go unharmed, while she be doubly punished? She has paid for her crime. The record brought out by the prosecutor of thirty years in shame and mire tell of her punishment. The man also has paid for his crime, but I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, he never paid for it until the day the woman at the bar shot down Senator Banton.

“‘I do not defend the woman for what she is, but in answer to the call from a spirit long since dead, in answer to a spirit that paid for its faults with death, namely, the spirit of the young girl. Justice decreed the death of the Senator, and Fate decided that its death warrant should be executed by the remains of the once pure and innocent girl. In that wrinkled, faded and decrepit old woman, upon whose face the marks of shame stand out, and in whose heart burns only anger, hate, and the thirst for revenge, no one would recognize the young girl of thirty-five years ago, who forsook her true, country lover for the deceitful lures of the dashing sport, except the country lover himself. Gentlemen of the jury, my picture is not made from my imagination, but the story is true and comes from memory.’

“The jury filed slowly back into the room. ‘Gentlemen of the jury, have you arrived at a verdict?’ asked the judge.

“‘We have,’ replied the foreman. The foreman hesitated, looked at the woman, still with her face buried in her hands, and answered: ‘It’s no use—the verdict of God supercedes that of man.’

“That night the Hon. Charles A. Patton took a faded picture out of his trunk, kissed it once, slowly, and silently held it over the fire until the flames licked his hand.”

H. R. SIMS.

The Passing of the Old Year

*December's snows were spread around,
The swift north wind was bleak and cold;
And still the white and dozy flakes
Their tale of winter swiftly told.*

*'Twas night, and yet no stars were seen,
No radiant moon with transient rays;
But darkness sat upon her throne,
And in her realm commanded praise.*

*The burning embers glowed within,
And dimly lit the silent hall,
While shadows faint and failing fast
Made figures on the polished wall.*

*No sound was heard, save now and then
The whistling wind stern silence broke,
In fury shook the towering elm
Or bent the spreading, massive oak.*

*The hours of night were fleeing fast,
And, too, the year would soon depart—
That day had been December's last,
The morrow would a new year start.*

*And must the old and faithful year,
Alone, without a guide, retire,
With raging tempest hovering near,
And not a star to wake the lyre?*

*It was not thus divinely planned,
Nor even thus would it now be;
For Heaven itself in power came
To bury darkness in the sea.*

*The white snowflakes now ceased to fall,
And soon the clouds were out of sight,
While high above the moon shone forth
And added glory to the night.*

*Small twinkling stars their presence gave
In numbers great, and brilliant too.
The landscape thus in splendor clothed
Roused music's charm and minstrel true.*

*Just then the sound of bells was heard
In joyful accents ringing near:
They came from yonder lofty spire,
Proclaimed the birth of glad New Year.*

*The old was gone, and gone for aye;
The new had come, but not to stay—
For it, in Fate's own chosen time,
Must to a newer year resign.*

J. E. FORD

Reformers—Sacred and Profane



LOW-MOVING is reform. Reformers are hooted while alive and praised when dead. But steadily the reform tramps on, and new men rise up to take the place of those called away by death. Sarcasm and raillery greet any sincere and frank attempt to better conditions, and the man starting with an equipoise of temperament is driven to the fury of a madman. Fortunate is he who can contemplate, in the fullness of his consciousness of duty well-performed, that such is the natural order of things.

Old orders die hard, and the dying struggle often looks like a triumphant re-awakening. Blessed is that man of reform who takes his abuse kindly, regretting its occurrence, but excusing its occurring. More blessed is that man of militant abilities who fights strongly, but withal holds fast to the recognition that the opposition he encounters is part of the natural law. Fighting hard, that he may quickly slay, he is, nevertheless, still without personal enmity, and sees a man go down, not because of the man, but because of his creed. Recognizing that if in the wrong he must meet his death, not because of his personal nature, but because his removal is necessary to the extinction of his principles, he goes into the fight prepared for either emergency. He fights clean, and if defeated, due recognition, withheld from his creed, must be tendered the man. Due to this fact, he acknowledges like motives in others, and underneath the tempest of the struggle for principle, there runs still the deeper current of admiration and sympathy for his opponents. Victory brings rejoicing for the survival of principle, but sadness for personal defeats, which, though necessary, are deplored.

Personal animosity in a controversy will never be permanent to a man of culture. He may, under the tearing strain of his emotions, lose control of his finer sensibilities and launch forth in a bitter tirade against his fellow-man, but, on reflecting he will see his error and regret that the emotions, even of an educated man, may sometimes rule the intellect. He would yearn to explain to his fellow-man the circumstances, but a battle for principle is on, and no wavering can come from the ranks. Consideration and kindness must be given to every man, but if once withheld, there must be no apologies, for even a personal apology would be deemed a renouncing of principle. Consequently, the aggrieved opponent, because the other, while preaching the doctrine of principle-fighting without the entry of personages, had assailed him, forgets that the other can not make the proper personal

amenities without hurting the principles for which he fights, and sends back a more personal attack. Blessed is the man, who, through the weakness of his emotions, has become engaged in slinging personalities, but who can still look upon that action of his opponent without being bitter towards him. Reply he must for the sake of his principles, which would suffer in the eyes of some if he did not. But let him do so, recognizing the nature of things as they are, and praying inwardly for a better day. Reply he must, and forcible must be his response; but let him delay it until fully cognizant of the fact that he harbors no personal feelings, though dealing in personalities, and also cognizant of the same feelings in the heart of his fellow-man, who now, through the conflict of principles, is his opponent.

Thus it will come about that in future the leading men of the times will be able to bitterly arraign a man's principles and sincerely love his personal character. It is the nature of man to be forceful in fighting down a matter which he believes to be wrong. We must recognize this in him, and when we see one man assail another we must draw a distinction between personal and principle denunciation. However, in the latter there is a person to be dealt with. A man stands forth, the accredited champion of a principle. His opponent, to strike down the principle, must, of necessity, cause his downfall. But when he falls, it is not he, but his principle. Through him his principle dies.

When a man takes up a battle for principle, whether it be a just one or not, he shows a certain degree of genius and self-sacrifice. He links his fortunes with those of his creed, and says, "I stand with thee, or I fall." And when the attack comes, as come it must, the brunt of the fighting is on the champion in the lists. If he falls, his cause is lost, and woe be unto the cause that has for its representative a faithless knight.

Thus it is when a champion rides in the lists in behalf of principle. If victorious, his cause wins glory; if defeated, he wins shame. But in the fight between the two champions, though each tries to slay his fellow, there should not be any personal malice. But it is the nature of men, somehow, to develop these animosities in life. The man is happy who can distinguish a defeat of a creed from the downfall of a man. The time is soon to be when this will be universally acknowledged, but such intelligence moves slow. Many faithful hearts will pass away before it is accomplished, but remember, this world was slow in its making.

The distinction between person and principle is the difference between a statesman and a demagogue. No man believes he is a hypocrite. But often men mistake their own little selves for the master man; the champion of an eternal cause. Here personal bitterness is engendered. The dying,

defeated hypocritic demagogue falls to the earth and can find no solace. He can not lean on the consciousness of a battle well-fought for a holy cause, which, though temporarily down, must rise again. Consequently, in his defeat he sees the end of everything, and in his despair he moans a direful wail. No man, who is faithful to the cause for which he fights, can be embittered against his opponent on account of his defeat, for he must regard it only as a temporary check to the advance of his principle, and, thinking little of himself, he triumphantly expects his cause to prosper. Unless the ego has undue development, the joy therefrom, and the consolation of having done his true duty, will more than counterbalance his personal sufferings.

The reformer who fights for principle need not be discouraged. Sin and wrong exist in the world, and the nature of some humans has been warped to an unnatural bend. His duty is clearly to recognize this presence of wrong motives in powerful men, who sincerely believe themselves to be correct. He need not try to convince them of the error of their thinking, he need not try to compromise. There can be no compromise in a battle of principles. His duty is to fight; to slay these advocates of wrong principles, but to bear in mind that the man with whom he fights is just as sincere, just as honest and just as much a lover of humanity as he is. Let the battle be clean, decisive and humane, and when the victory comes, as come it will, to those in the right, let them not show a proud spirit to those honest men who fought for the right, as it seemed to them. Being men, they could do no more, and, being a man, you can do no less.

Reforms move slow. Reformers are abused, but the fight is on the doctrine which he brings and not on himself. Nobody would ever worry about him. Then, to reformers everywhere, greetings! When abuse and misrepresentation boil around you, remember that your traducers are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh.

H. S. SIMS.

"My Theme"

*I touch once again the strings of my lyre—
The strings now so dull, but once full of fire;
The fingers, once deft, are stiff, as with cold,
But the theme I select is the same as of old!*

*My burden would be the praise of your face;
I'd declare that you stole from Venus her grace;
I would sing of the beauty that leaves not your eyes,
Which are bluer, by far, than the bluest of skies!*

*Oh! whence are those curls, that are sunshine plus gold?
And whence is that voice, such as bards praised of old?
I venture you stole that blush from the dawn,
But the source of those dimples will never be known.*

*I would pass my whole life in servitude sweet,
And would lisp love's lay as I sat at your feet;
And then, at my shrine, dull care I'd beguile,
And esteem myself blest, by your smallest, wee smile!*

D. L. EDWARDS.

In Payment of Account



It was a very hot day in June. The paved streets threw a glamor and glare into your eyes, and the many show-windows, reflecting back the slanting rays of a mid-afternoon sun, dazzled and confused you. The street cars hummed by, leaving a swirl of dust behind them; swiftly moving motors raced through the sultry air, and hundreds of people were walking down the sidewalks of one of Philadelphia's side business streets—it doesn't matter which one—but, amid all the hubbub, hurry and rush, one man walked, deeply concerned in thought. Hat off, head bowed, he paced slowly along, passing Independence Hall and other places of historical interest without even glances of recognition, and every now and then a bitter look of sadness passed across his brow. Harrison Young, a well-to-do business man, especially so when considered in the light of his few years in the business, was good-looking, and it was not strange that people turned around to watch the figure moving so abstractedly along in the crowd.

But to introduce our hero, for such he is to be, we must give not only the time and staging of his appearance, but also the essential facts of his history, that you may know the whys and wherefores of his dejected appearance. We will begin when he was eighteen, a Freshman at Hadley's College. He had graduated in the course of four years, and nothing good could be said of his record in lessons, and even less about his record outside of books. The son of a rich father, who presented him monthly with a check large enough to cover expenses and allow a wide margin, he had joined the body of students destined, by the possession of wealth, to belong to a class of know-little, study-none and loaf-all crowd of boys, whose chief topic of conversation was always centered in two lines, to stray from which it was impossible—the first, sports, covering them all; and the second, women. When two such combinations are introduced at the same time, no modifying clause or phrase need suggest the themes of the second topic.

He lived his life. With a silver spoon in his mouth, he began perfecting himself in the arts of a rich gentleman, according to his school, and, to tell the truth, he made a great success. There are several admission requirements that have to be filled satisfactorily before one can hope to enter this school of model gentlemen; some of them being the ability to swear loudly upon any and all occasions, whether there be ladies present or no; in fact, the more ladies present the more independent the man using the

oath. The second requisite was to be a militant prohibitionist, that is, drink up all the intoxicating liquors so that the weaker of mankind won't have the temptation to face, and in this Harrison was a past master. The third unit in the school requirements was not always insisted upon, but, however, if a man could pass the first two, not to mention the fourth, he would be admitted into this School of M. G.'s. But, as to the third requirement, it can be expressed briefly: A man, to be a perfect gentleman of leisure and fashion, should not have any religion; of course, a man could perfunctorily believe in God, but to the extent of letting the ideas connected thereby interfere with his pleasures—why, in the school for model gentlemen this was inconceivable. The fourth requisite to enter the lists of this school was simple and direct. You didn't have to believe in it, you didn't have to practice it, but, no matter what you believed and what you practiced, you must by all means permit and sanction it in others. This final, of all the requirements or ear-marks of a model gentleman, was the sowing of wild oats in young men, although the school did not object if older men continued even after their youth had given way to maturity. As for the woman, she was not concerned in the canons of this school; she, for herself, could make rules and establish safeguards, but the school of model gentlemen at Hadley's College did not profess to have any respect or obligations for obeying these laws.

This was the school Harrison Young entered, not the one his fond parent imagined he was sending him to. There were the tuitions that had to be paid from increasing monthly checks. Occasionally Harrison Young, Sr., father of Harrison, Jr., paid a formal visit to the college, upon which occasions his dutiful heir and namesake presented the model of studiousness and temperateness, not to mention religion and other sundry things not required by the school for model gentlemen. Young, Sr., never failed to call on the authorities to see how "my boy, Harrison, is behaving himself," with a bright, parental smile of pride and expectation. The authorities, on their part, never failed to express their high opinion of "your fine boy, Harrison," who was doing well in his studies and conducting himself like a gentleman, and, in fact, so he was, according to the school he was in. Whether or not the college officials always rosied the life of Harrison on his account or because of the support of the well-known rich business man, we know not. It may have been because the chancellor knew his gray-haired mother, and wanted to save the tears that would come to her eyes—a purely kindly motive, but one that could not but fail to work well for Harrison, Jr., and at the same time in the end to disappoint Harrison, Sr., as well as the gray-haired lady the chancellor was so willing to save.

But, be that as it may, no parental objections came to stop Harrison in his course of study at the school for model gentlemen. He stood well—not in the college he was attending—but in the school for model gentlemen, at which he was studying and perfecting himself. It came to pass, however, that Harrison graduated at this school before he did at the college. It wasn't his father that stopped him in his effort to attain the gentlemanly arts, nor was it his dear old gray-haired mother that caused him to stop his course at the school; neither was it any evangelical meeting, held by some good brother at the college—none of these stopped him; nor, in fact, was it anybody or anything that stopped him. But he stopped—one by one he abandoned the tenets of his model school for gentlemen, one by one he stopped holding on in theory as well as in practice its doctrines and opinions, until, finally, he became admitted into a second school, to which his father had not sent him, and to which his father had always thought him to belong, namely, the school of manly men. This school also had its precepts and proverbs, most of which were diametrically opposed to those held by the school of model gentlemen, and it was in this school that Harrison began his course towards the end of his Senior year.

Why? Of course there was a reason, which was chiefly because Harrison Young, being a logical, well-balanced young man, had reasoned and counselled with himself, and had deliberately rejected the teachings of his former school, denied himself the four precepts rigidly held to heretofore, and became an exponent of the school of manly men. But there was also a reason why he had counselled with himself, and this reason was also easy to find. Harrison Young had been invited by Louise Jansen, one of his lady friends, to attend a reception and dance which she was giving in honor of her cousin from Baltimore, whom she described as "a sweet Southern girl, with queer ideas, and a little bit old-fashioned," but whom another characterized as "a Puritanic prissy from Maryland." He had gone to the party with the intention of missing the cousin entirely, if possible, but he had not succeeded.

It was after the twelfth dance, and Harrison Young discovered the fact that the last dance on his card was taken up by Myra Johnson, the cousin in whom the affair was in honor. The disconcerting effect of this discovery was caused by the fact that after this dance the time was to be given over to conversation, and he feared that he would be stuck with the sedate maiden with whom he had the dance. As he walked towards her, however, he could not but admire her beauty, not caused by low-cut clothing, or suggestive lines, but the old-fashioned neatness and prettiness, which made a great impression upon him. As he danced through the closing waltz, this strange

girl talked volubly, though not rapidly, upon any topic commenced. Only once did she fail to take part in the conversation, and that was when Harrison Young, then a member of the school of model gentlemen, commenced the line of slush, well recognized as worthy of a graduate of his school by all his fellow-classmates. His line succeeded pretty well, and, although she was silent, he fancied that she responded to his advances, until he began openly making love to her, and was instantly silenced by the young lady in a most gracious manner. "You know," she replied to one of his audacious darts, "I have a little too much of my mother's old-fashioned ideas to talk with you like that. If you please, let's talk about something else." And the wonder was, he did. So confused did he become that he conversed very glibly and, he thought, proficiently upon the beautiful art of the ancient Greeks, such as "the masterful paintings of Raphael, and the writings of Virgil." In the school for model gentlemen this statement would have been accepted as unqualified proof of his studiousness and enlightenment.

From that evening on Harrison Young began liking Myra Johnson. She stayed with her cousin three weeks, and Harrison Young spent at least two evenings weekly around at Louise Jansen's, and, strange, he always talked to the guest, but that was not surprising—the school for model gentlemen always insisted upon a very showy politeness. But the admiration was genuine—she frankly liked the boy, despite his reputation, and he, on his part, openly liked her. However, they did not talk love, or the usual line handled by graduates of the M. G. school. One time he had begun in earnest, and, realizing his earnestness, she had frankly told him not to think about it. She knew his reputation too well to be anything but friends, and asked him to quit the fast life. Several weeks later, after Miss Johnson had gone home, she received a letter from him saying that he was going to follow her suggestion, and hinted broadly about his future hopes. She answered graciously and promptly, congratulating him, and expressing the desire to see him again some time.

But we didn't intend telling the story of their love affair, courtship and marriage. Suffice it to say that they loved each other upon closer acquaintance, and that three years after his graduation they were married in Baltimore and he had brought his bride to Philadelphia. He loved her very tenderly, and, true to his promise, he had long ago given up the practices of his old school. He had never been able, however, to accept religion definitely, like Myra; his mind wandered, usually ending by accepting Myra's faith as a shelter, and he never gave the subject serious thought. Their married life ran happily for about a year, when, upon returning from a brief business trip, he had found that his wife was very sick. As the sickness

increased, she was removed to the hospital, where the doctor had broken the news, kindly and gently, that an operation was necessary to save her life, if even that was possible. He had bravely kissed his smiling wife good-bye and left her room, but once outside he wept bitterly. The doctors, however, encouraged his hopes, telling him to go home and rest, that as soon as a definite result could be known a messenger would be sent him.

Thus it was that Harrison Young, wealthy, prosperous and sad, paced the streets of Philadelphia one hot, sultry June morning, without seeing any of his friends or anybody else passing by him. His mind was about a sufferer, one that he loved, who was paying for his sins. He knew it was unjust and hurried home to think, and, yes, even to pray to Myra's God—He didn't belong to him—to save his Myra.

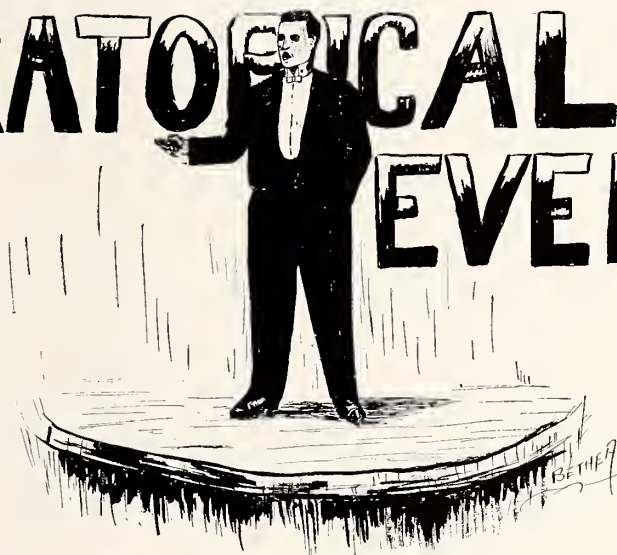
It was about one hour afterward that Harrison Young leaned against the mantel in front of an empty fireplace, his hand resting in his hip pocket, musing audibly to himself: "It may be that there is a God, as Myra says, and if so, Myra will be saved, because He can't let her, a faithful one, suffer for my sins, who does not even believe in Him. It would be just for me to suffer, and if there is a God in Heaven, I don't see why she should be dying for my sins, and I be unharmed. It can't be, and yet my sins will have to be paid for. If not by Myra, therefore by me. It may be wrong, Myra, it may do no good, but if your God is in Heaven, He'll understand." He was interrupted—one of the hospital's boys was ringing the bell, with a note in his hand, and as the bell rang Harrison raised his right hand from his hip pocket: "I hope this settles the account, God," and he pulled the trigger, as he waited for the shot he never heard.

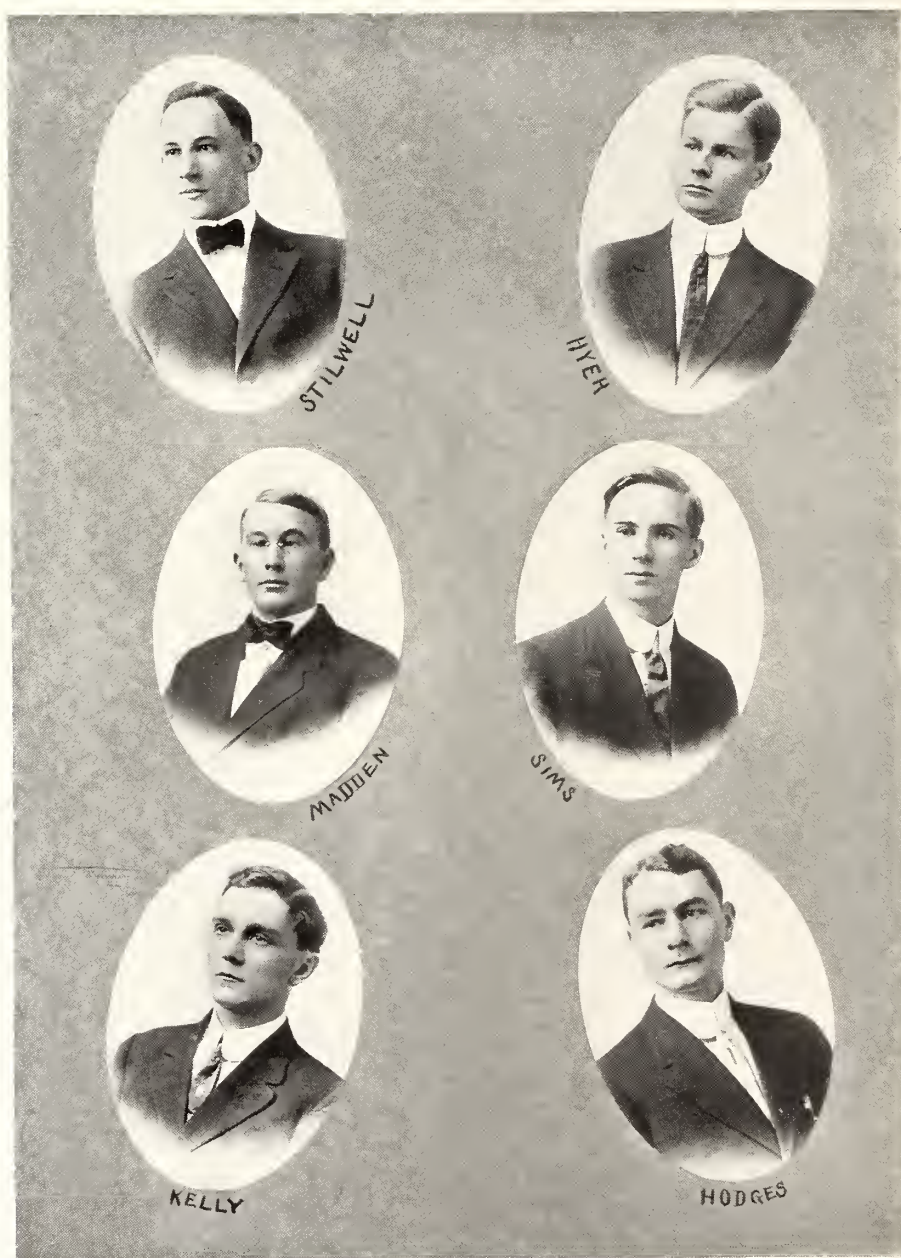
H. R. SIMS.



CAMPUS VIEWS

ORATORICAL EVENTS





SENIOR SPEAKERS



ORATORICAL SPEAKERS

WARDLAW

SYFAN

HYER

HERBERT

PAYSINGER

MONROE
(Presiding officer)

SIMS



JUNIOR DEBATEES

HERBERT

GARRIS

HUFF

FORD

WARDLAW

MOORE



SOPHOMORE SPEAKERS

RICE

SMITH

STUCKEY

MANNING

KING

SYFAN

DUKES

(Presiding officer)



FRESHMAN SPEAKERS

CARTER
HUFF, O. P.

MEDLOCK RAMSEUR
HUFF, C. B.
(Presiding officer)

PALMER
MOSELEY



COLLEGE MARSHALS

PLYLER
DANIELS

HUGHES
RICE

GUESS
RAST (Chief)

STUCKEY
PENDERGRASS

LAKE
CARTER

Dr. W. A. Colwell

TO one, who, by his untiring efforts and ever-ready assistance, has so materially assisted The Bohemian Staff in this, their attempt to give to the College a lasting monument of the standard of the college year of 1912-13; and who, furthermore, has through his friendly bearing and courtly manners, in and out of classroom, so strongly impressed the students of this institution of his sterling worth and ability—this page is respectfully dedicated.



DR. W. A. COLWELL

Dr. C. B. Waller

T^H one, who through so many years of triumphs and defeats, with cheery disposition and resourceful advice, has assisted the Athletic Association of this institution to give to its constituents, the student body, a Baseball Club with strong financial backing, however unsuccessful on the diamond it may have been; and who has turned from the defeats of one year with a ready smile and ever hopeful prospects for a more successful future; furthermore, encouraging the spirit of loyalty and devotion in the darkest days of Wofford's baseball history, by his own unexcelled precept and example—this page is respectfully dedicated by the Athletic Association.



DR. C. E. WALLER



SNAPS

CAMPUS VIEWS

ATHLETICS.





J. A. CHAPMAN, JR., Manager

Athletic Association

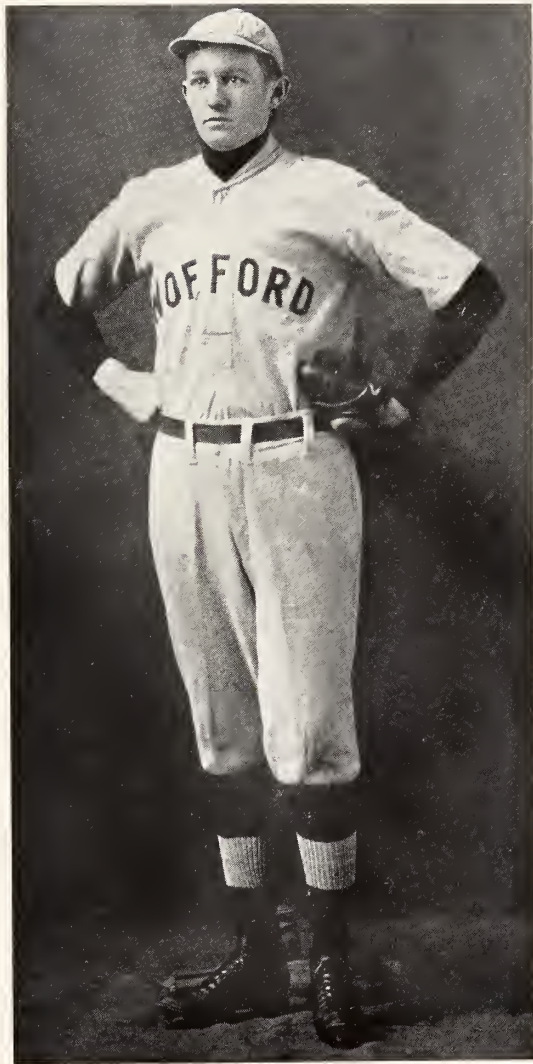
Officers

DR. C. B. WALLER.....	PRESIDENT
T. B. GRENEKER.....	SECRETARY
JAS. A. CHAPMAN, JR.....	MANAGER
BOBO BURNETT.....	ASSISTANT MANAGER

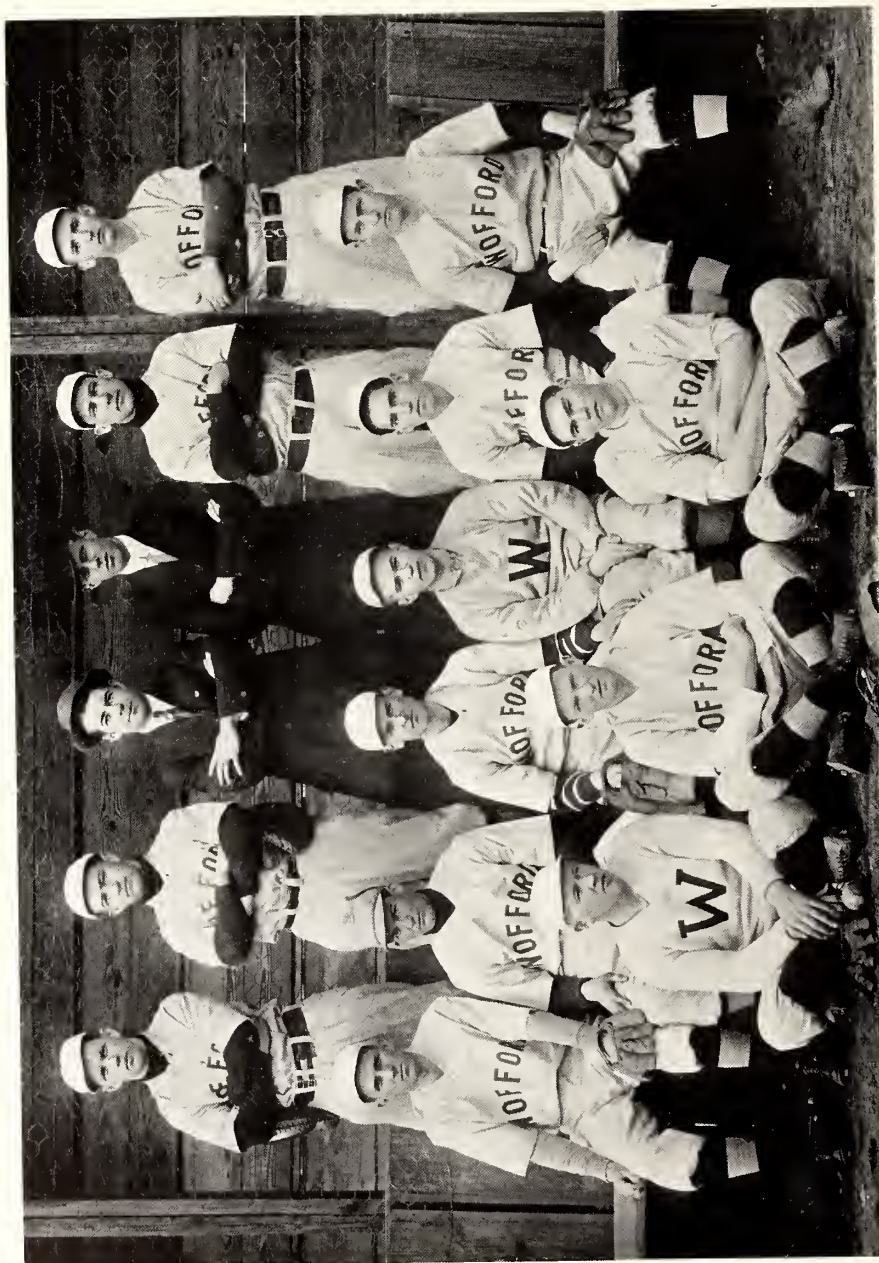
Executive Committee

T. B. HUMPHRIES
J. P. WHARTON

R. C. RICE
E. P. PENDERGRASS
J. J. ENLOE



J. M. STACKHOUSE, Captain



Varsity Baseball Team

BETHEA	WHARTON	MC CARTHY	CHAPMAN	STILWELL	GRENEKER
BLACK	SIMS	HAMILTON	HARMON	OSBORNE	DE SHIELDS
	FREY		STACKHOUSE	CARMICHAEL	



Senior Baseball Team

Champions, '12-'13

HUMPHRIES, CAPTAIN.....	SECOND BASE
STILWELL, MANAGER.....	PITCHER
HARMON	FIRST BASE
GREEN	CATCHER
BLACK	SHORTSTOP
STACKHOUSE	THIRD BASE
CARLISLE	THIRD BASE
GENES	RIGHT FIELD
GIBSON	CENTER FIELD
EASTERLING	LEFT FIELD



Junior Baseball Team

CARMICHAEL, MANAGER.....	THIRD BASE
BETHEA, CAPTAIN.....	CATCHER
SIMS	SHORTSTOP
WHARTON	FIRST BASE
CROSS	LEFT FIELD
DESHIELDS	CENTER FIELD
GRENEKER	PITCHER
GARRIS	SECOND BASE
ROBINSON	SECOND BASE
FORT	RIGHT FIELD



Sophomore Baseball Team

KEARSE, MANAGER.....	SECOND BASE
FREY, CAPTAIN.....	PITCHER
PERRY	FIRST BASE
KING	CATCHER
EVANS	SHORTSTOP
JONES	LEFT FIELD
WANNAMAKER	CENTER FIELD
HAMILTON	RIGHT FIELD
MANNING	CENTER FIELD



Freshman Baseball Team

WHARTON, CAPTAIN	PITCHER
SWINK	CATCHER
OSBORNE	CATCHER
WILLIAMS	PITCHER
PENDERGRASS	FIRST BASE
TATUM	SECOND BASE
DeSHIELDS	THIRD BASE
HOLCOMBE	SHORTSTOP
KIRKWOOD	LEFT FIELD
LUMPKIN	CENTER FIELD
NICHELS	RIGHT FIELD
LANGFORD	RIGHT FIELD
LUCIUS	MANAGER





Senior Football Team

GREEN, CAPTAIN.....	FULL-BACK
SPIGNER, MANAGER.....	CENTER
GIBSON	LEFT END
STACKHOUSE	LEFT END
BLAIR	LEFT TACKLE
GENES	LEFT TACKLE
BETHEA	LEFT GUARD
STALLWORTH	RIGHT GUARD
EARLE	RIGHT GUARD
KELLY	RIGHT TACKLE
CARTER	RIGHT END
STILWELL	RIGHT HALF-BACK
CARLISLE	RIGHT HALF-BACK
BURNETT	LEFT HALF-BACK
MONROE	QUARTER-BACK



Junior Football Team

GRENEKER	LEFT END
LAKE	LEFT HALF-BACK
DeSHIELDS	LEFT TACKLE
SMITH	LEFT GUARD
WHARTON	QUARTER-BACK
PATTERSON	RIGHT TACKLE
MORRISON	RIGHT GUARD
McCULLOUGH	CENTER
CARSON	RIGHT END
CARMICHAEL	RIGHT HALF-BACK
BRICE	FULL-BACK
STEADMAN	SUBSTITUTE



Sophomore Football Team

BARNES	CENTER
STUCKEY	RIGHT GUARD
BLACKMAN	LEFT GUARD
SYFAN	RIGHT TACKLE
MELVIN	LEFT END
SMITH	LEFT END
HUTCHISON	LEFT TACKLE
MULDROW	LEFT HALF-BACK
MOSELEY	RIGHT HALF-BACK
MONROE	QUARTER-BACK
WHITAKER	FULL-BACK
SPROTT	SUBSTITUTE
SHAFFER	SUBSTITUTE
WANNAMAKER	SUBSTITUTE



Freshman Football Team

NICHOLS	CENTER
PRUITT	RIGHT GUARD
LANGFORD	LEFT TACKLE
WHITESIDES	RIGHT TACKLE
SPROTT	LEFT END
KIRKWOOD	RIGHT END
OSBORNE	QUARTER-BACK
PENDERGRASS	RIGHT HALF-BACK
WHARTON	LEFT HALF-BACK
LUMPKIN	FULL-BACK
COCKFIELD	LEFT GUARD
SMITH	SUBSTITUTE
TATUM	SUBSTITUTE
SWITZER	SUBSTITUTE



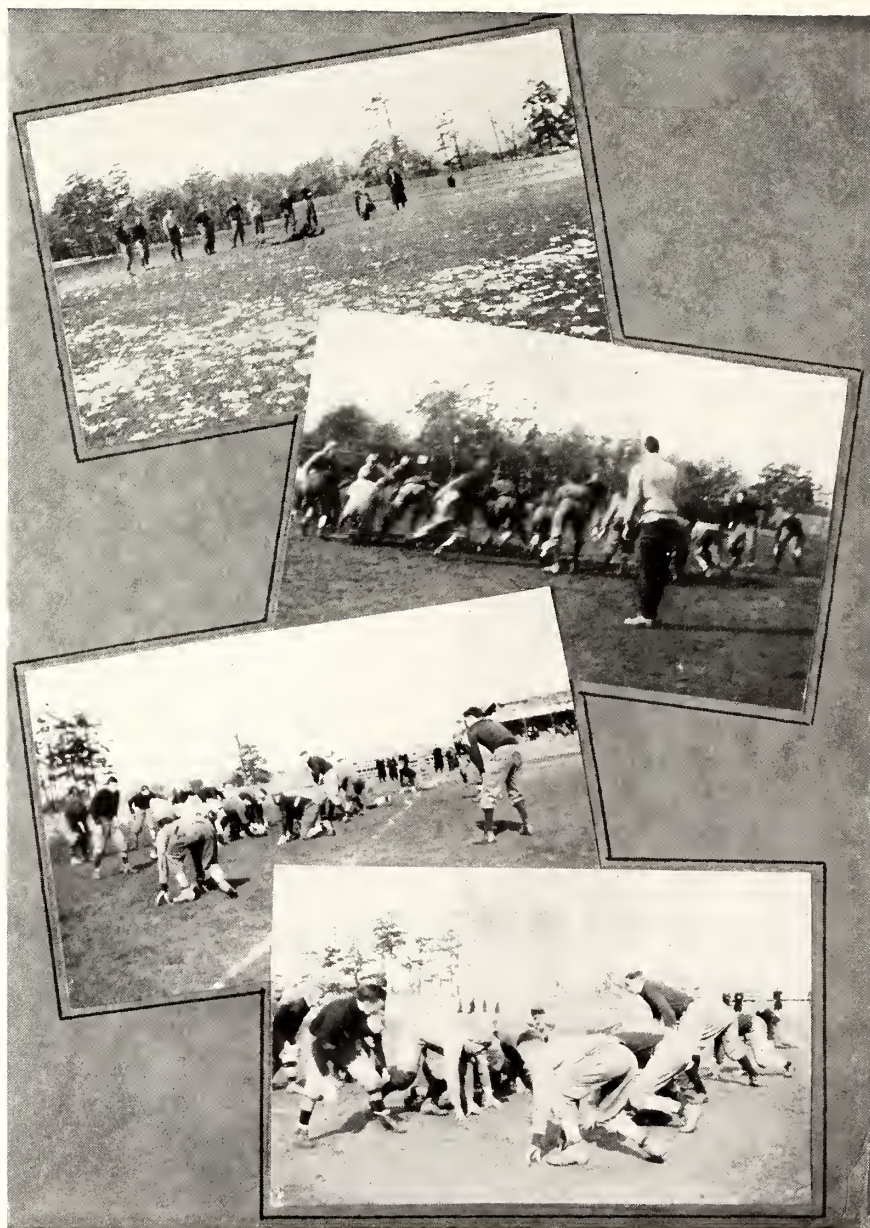
SENIOR-FRESH FOOTBALL TEAM

EARLE	GENES	BURNETT	CARLISLE	STACKHOUSE	PRUITT	WHITESIDES
		PENDERGRASS	GREEN	BETHEA	STILWELL	
	CARTER	SPIGNER	OSBORNE	BLAIR		PAYSINGER
MONROE	KELLY		STALLWORTH			

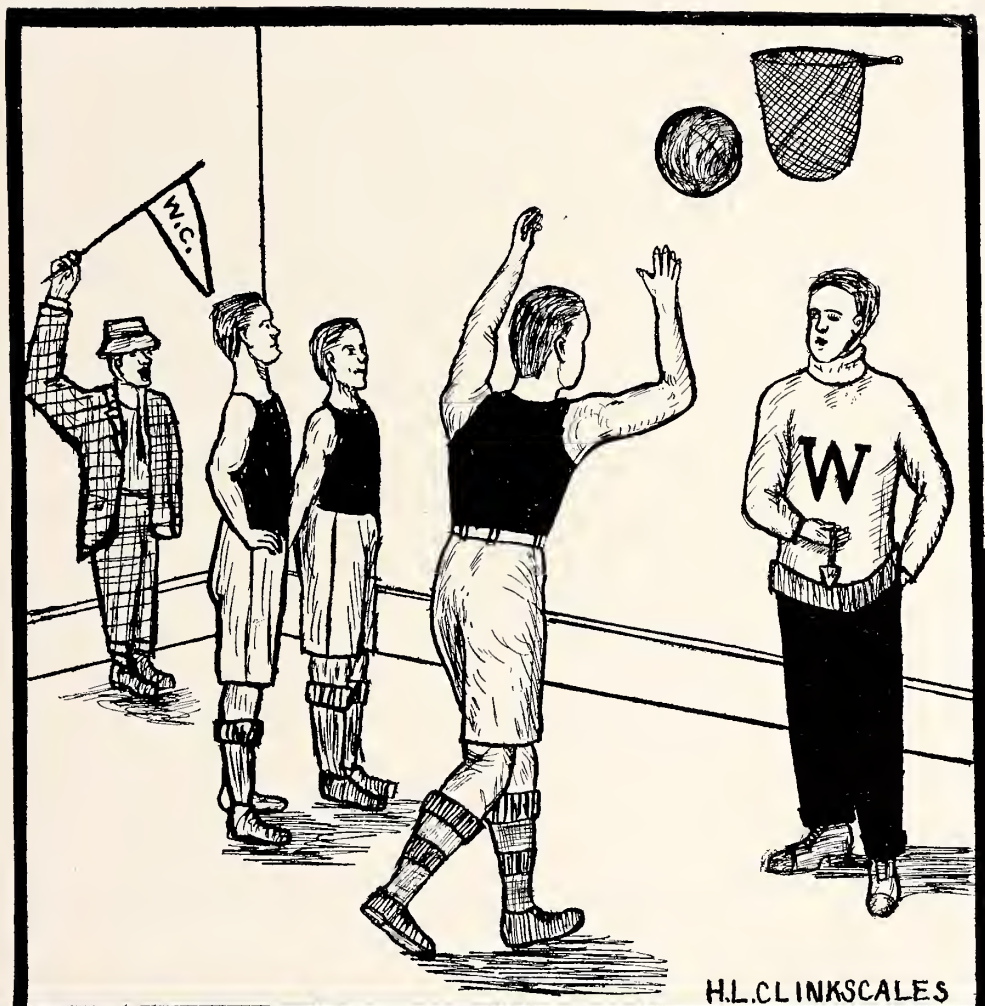


JUNIOR-SOPH FOOTBALL TEAM

MELVIN	LAKE	WHARTON	GRENEKER	JENKINS	SYFAN	SMITH
		STUCKEY	McCULLOUGH	SMITH		
	PATTERSON					



INTERCLASS SCENES



BASKET BALL



Varsity Basket-Ball Team

ANDERSON, CAPTAIN.....	CENTER
DESHIELDS, MANAGER.....	RIGHT GUARD
MCCULLOUGH	CENTER
FREY	RIGHT FORWARD
GRENEKER	RIGHT FORWARD
STEADMAN	RIGHT FORWARD
BLACK	LEFT FORWARD
HAMILTON	LEFT FORWARD
PATTERSON	LEFT GUARD
TOWNSEND	LEFT GUARD



Senior Basket-Ball Team

GIBSON, MANAGER.....	CENTER
BURNETT, CAPTAIN.....	FORWARD
RHOAD	FORWARD
BLACK	FORWARD
EARLE	GUARD
CHAPMAN	GUARD
GENES	GUARD



Junior Basket-Ball Team

ANDERSON, CAPTAIN.....	CENTER
DESHIELDS, MANAGER.....	GUARD
KING	GUARD
GRENEKER	FORWARD
PATTERSON	GUARD
MCCULLOUGH	CENTER
STEADMAN	FORWARD



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

HAMILTON, CAPTAIN.....	RIGHT FORWARD
TOWNSEND, MANAGER.....	LEFT GUARD
PHILLIPS	LEFT FORWARD
BARNES	CENTER
PARKER	RIGHT GUARD
MULDROW	GUARD
SUMMERS	SUBSTITUTE
RILEY	SUBSTITUTE
PERRY	SUBSTITUTE
EVANS	SUBSTITUTE



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

WILLIAMS	RIGHT FORWARD
PATTERSON	LEFT FORWARD
SMITH	CENTER
ABERCROMBIE	RIGHT GUARD
OSBORNE	LEFT GUARD
DESHIELDS	LEFT GUARD



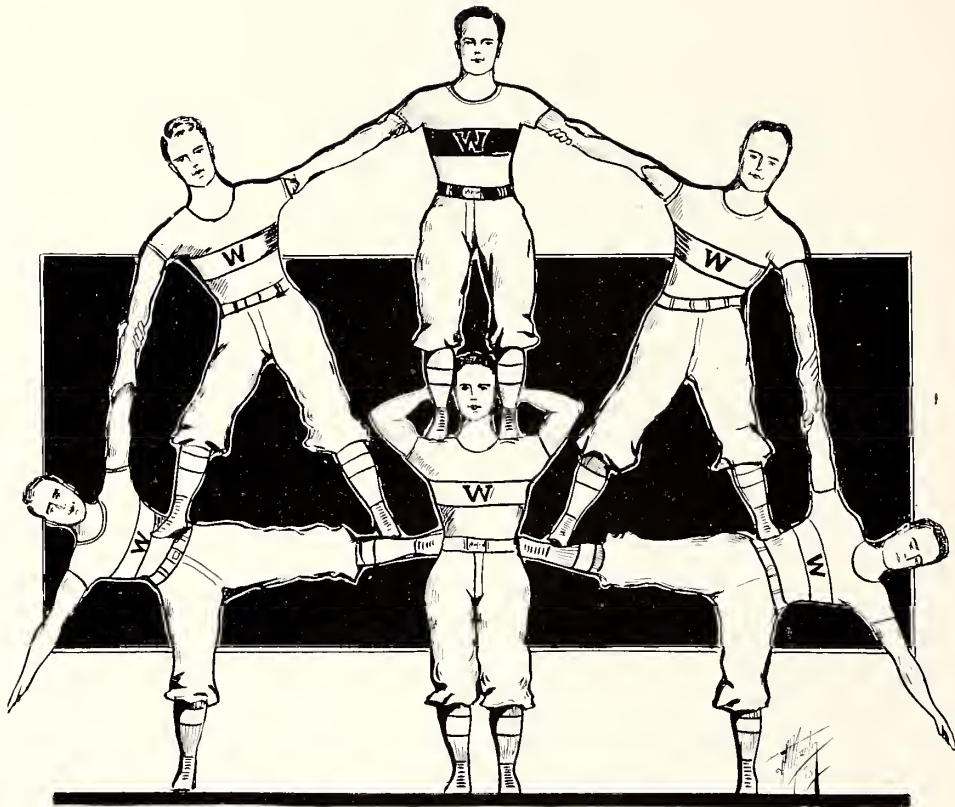


Varsity Track Team

Varsity Track Team

BURNETT, CAPTAIN.....	100- and 200-Yard Dash-Broad Jump
CHAPMAN.....	One-half- and One-fourth-Mile Runs
MANCHESTER.....	Low and High Hurdles
OWENS.....	High Jump and Pole Vault
PENDERGRASS.....	One-Mile Run
PLYLER	Shot-Put
PERRY.....	Low and High Hurdles
TILLER.....	100- and 200-Yard Dash
WILLIAMS.....	Pole Vault and High Jump
WHITAKER.....	One-Mile Run
WHARTON.....	Broad Jump
WANNAMAKER.....	One-half-Mile Run

EARLE, MANAGER



Gymnasium Team

Officers

R. L. KEATON.....	DIRECTOR
J. P. WHARTON.....	CAPTAIN
H. E. HEINITSH.....	MANAGER

Members

R. K. CARSON, JR.
B. T. BARNES
S. R. HAMMOND
J. B. WHITMAN
J. C. CAUTHEN

J. E. SPROTT
J. A. WALKER, JR.
L. G. OSBORNE
C. G. EARLE
A. L. WARDLAW



GYMNASIUM TEAM



MAIN BUILDING

ORGANIZATIONS





Officers

DR. H. N. SNYDER.....	PRESIDENT
DR. C. B. WALLER.....	FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
T. B. HUMPHRIES.....	SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
H. R. SIMS.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

J. H. ANDERSON
W. M. BYERS
J. E. BURCH
J. E. BETHEA
C. T. EASTERLING
J. A. CHAPMAN
G. H. HODGES
W. C. MOORE
W. H. TILLER
J. T. MONROE

E. T. SPIGNER

G. T. HUGHES
T. B. GRENEKER
L. J. STILWELL
G. W. WANNAMAKER, JR.
RALPH SYFAN
B. F. DESHIELDS
J. C. HYER
J. G. KELLY
J. M. STACKHOUSE
C. M. EARLE



WOFFORD COUNCIL



Officers of Musical Association

PROF. E. H. SHULER.....PRESIDENT
 J. H. ANDERSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 D. P. SANDERS.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Officers of Glee Club

W. M. BYERS.....MANAGER
 S. G. LAYTON.....ASSISTANT MANAGER
 MRS. OTTO GRASSE.....DIRECTRESS

Personnel

FIRST TENOR	SECOND TENOR	FIRST BASS	SECOND BASS
J. H. ANDERSON	S. G. LAYTON	W. C. BETHEA	D. P. SANDERS
JOHN HARLEY	T. D. LAKE	W. M. BYERS	C. D. GUESS
J. C. BETHEA	C. R. EDWARDS	H. WATERS	
P. WHITAKER	J. F. WARDLAW		
J. C. HARMON, <i>Pianist</i>		W. G. RAMSEUR, <i>Reader</i>	



W. M. BYERS
MANAGER



MRS. OTTO GRASSE
DIRECTRESS



QUARTETTE



GLEE CLUB



The Orchestra

Officer

J. C. HARMON.....MANAGER

Members

P. M. ALLEN.....	VIOLIN
P. WHITAKER.....	VIOLIN
E. P. PENDERGRASS.....	VIOLIN
H. N. DUKES.....	CORNET
G. E. WHITESIDES.....	CORNET
J. H. HOOD.....	CORNET
W. M. TURBEVILLE.....	DRUMS
J. C. HARMON.....	PIANIST



WOFFORD COLLEGE FITTING SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

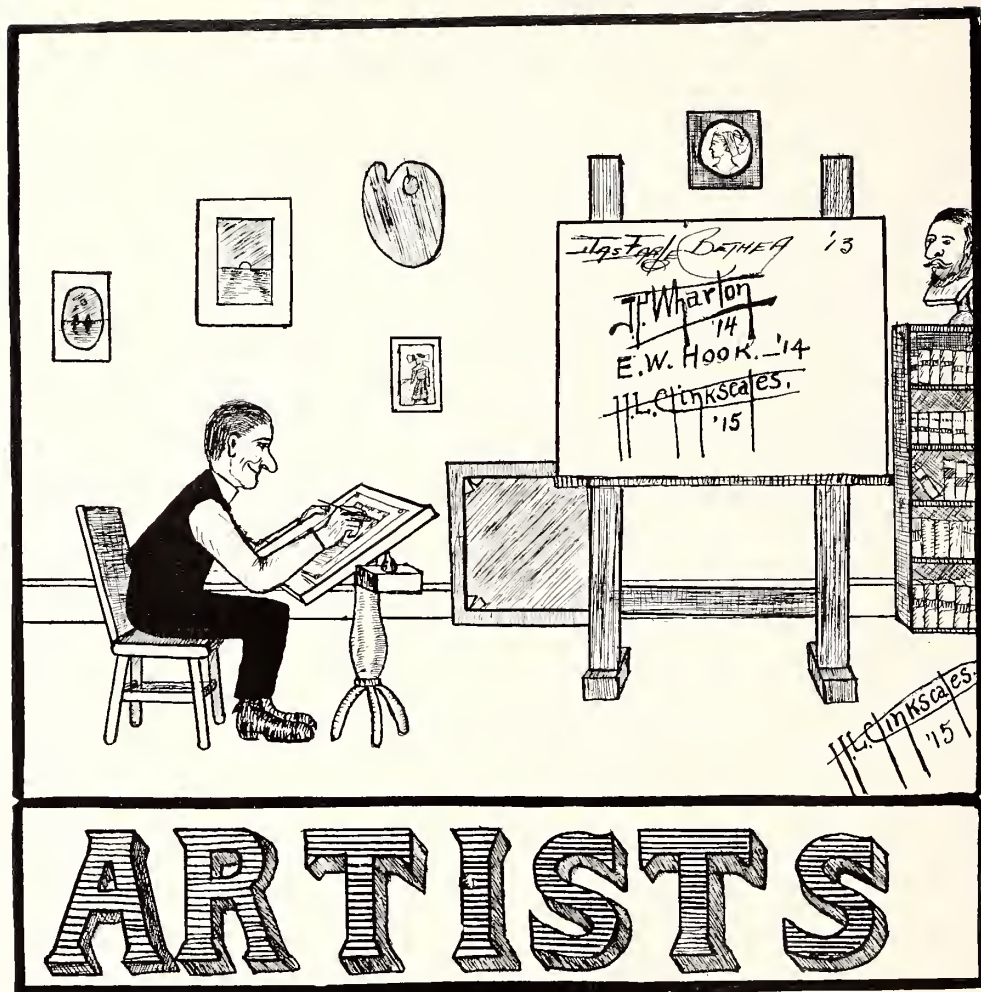
The Wofford College Fitting School Alumni Association

Officers

J. T. MONROE.....	PRESIDENT
Z. L. MADDEN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. E. FORD.....	SECRETARY
L. S. KING.....	TREASURER

Members

SPROTT		DARGAN
STUCKEY		WILLIAMS
CURTIS	KILGORE	MOORE
LUCAS	McLAUGHLIN	MURPH
ANDERSON	McCULLOUGH	FLEMING
TOWNSEND	MERCHANT, E.	TURNER
SEGARS	DuBOSE	KING, C. E.
SPROTT	STEADMAN	FURSE
DARBY	CARTER, P. T.	HOOD
CABRAL	MERCHANT, S.	CAUTHEN
JORDAN	JENKINS	BROWN
DUKES	LeGETTE	EUBANKS
WHITESIDES	BOYD	CASTLES
FURSE	HUGHES	JORDAN





Officers

E. T. SPIGNER.....	PRESIDENT
L. J. STILWELL.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
G. T. HUGHES.....	TREASURER
J. E. FORD.....	SECRETARY

Committees

BIBLE STUDY.....	A. L. GOOGE
MISSION WORK.....	G. H. HODGES
MISSION STUDY.....	D. L. EDWARDS
PERSONAL WORK.....	M. B. PATRICK
DEVOTIONAL.....	L. J. STILWELL
MUSIC.....	C. T. EASTERLING
FINANCE.....	G. T. HUGHES
HALL.....	T. B. GRENEKER
MEMBERSHIP.....	W. J. MOSS
HANDBOOK.....	H. S. SIMS



Y. M. C. A. CABINET



Y. M. C. A. HALL

Ministerial Band

Officers

M. B. PATRICK.....PRESIDENT
G. T. HUGHES.....VICE-PRESIDENT
C. A. CARTER.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

J. E. FORD	WARREN ARIAL
W. Y. COOLEY	L. D. B. WILLIAMS
I. B. CROMLEY	H. E. FELKEL
J. V. CROMLEY	J. I. ROBINSON
H. J. BROWN	G. H. HODGES
S. C. DUNLAP	J. C. CUNNINGHAM
W. D. GLEATON	H. W. SANDERS
B. S. HUGHES	L. E. LEDBETTER
H. N. DUKES	S. J. BLAND
O. G. JORDAN	E. K. GARRISON

J. A. WEBSTER



MINISTERIAL BAND



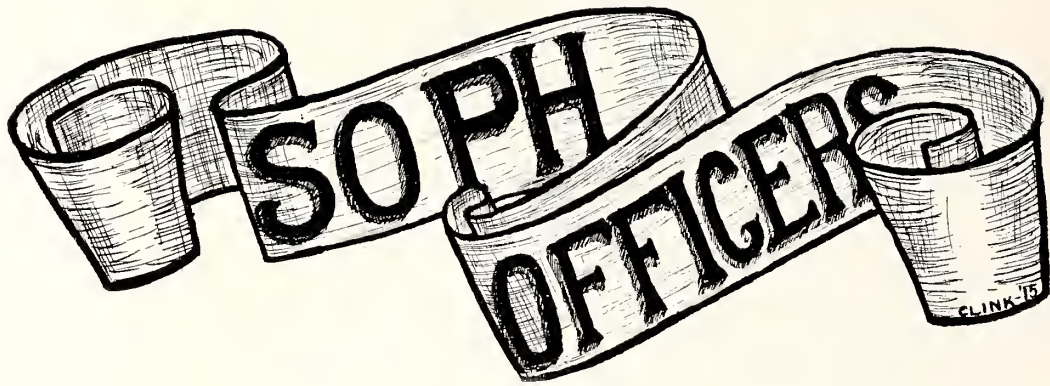
Student Body Officers

J. E. BETHEA.....	PRESIDENT
J. E. BURCH.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
G. W. WANNAMAKER.....	SECRETARY
W. W. DANIELS.....	TREASURER



Freshman Class Officers

C. B. HUFF.....	PRESIDENT
C. A. CARTER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. G. RAMSEUR.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
W. C. ARIAIL.....	HISTORIAN
R. OSBORNE.....	MANAGER FOOTBALL TEAM
C. H. DeSHIELDS.....	MANAGER BASKET-BALL TEAM
P. T. CARTER.....	MANAGER BASEBALL TEAM
W. M. TURBEVILLE.....	CAPTAIN BASEBALL TEAM



RALPH SYFAN.....	PRESIDENT
G. W. WANNAMAKER, JR.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. L. CLINKSCALES.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
H. M. SMITH.....	ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR BOHEMIAN AND HISTORIAN
J. C. KEARSE.....	MANAGER BASEBALL TEAM
J. R. FREY.....	CAPTAIN BASEBALL TEAM
WM. MELVIN.....	MANAGER FOOTBALL TEAM
L. M. MULDROW.....	CAPTAIN FOOTBALL TEAM
J. M. TOWNSEND.....	MANAGER BASKET-BALL TEAM
A. M. HAMILTON, JR.....	CAPTAIN BASKET-BALL TEAM
W. G. KLUGH.....	ASSISTANT ART EDITOR BOHEMIAN
W. B. STUCKEY.....	ASSISTANT ATHLETIC EDITOR BOHEMIAN
L. B. WANNAMAKER.....	CHIEF MARSHAL



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS



1st Term—Self-Government

Officers

G. H. HODGES.....	PRESIDENT
W. H. SMITH.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
WILL MELVIN.....	SECRETARY

Members

J. P. WHARTON

J. M. TOWNSEND

T. D. LAKE

JOHN RILEY

P. T. CARTER



2d Term—Self-Government

Officers

G. H. HODGES.....	PRESIDENT
L. A. MOYER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. B. STUCKEY.....	SECRETARY

Members

D. F. WADE

R. C. RICE

J. HUGH ANDERSON

L. M. MULBROW

R. B. KIRKWOOD



DINING-ROOM—CARLISLE HALL





Officers

PROF. E. H. SHULER.....INSTRUCTOR
 W. E. BLAKE.....PRESIDENT
 F. G. MONTGOMERY.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 L. J. CAUTHEN.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

J. HARTWELL ANDERSON
 W. E. BLAKE
 R. K. CARSON, JR.
 L. J. CAUTHEN
 J. A. CHAPMAN
 W. D. CROSS

R. S. JENKINS
 F. G. MONTGOMERY
 E. C. MORRISON
 T. Z. SPROTT
 J. F. WARDLAW
 J. P. WHARTON





ELECTRICAL CLUB



THE REVELLERS

Officers

L. N. WATSON.....PRESIDENT
J. A. CHAPMAN, JR.....VICE-PRESIDENT
W. M. BYERS.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

J. C. BETHEA
J. A. WALKER
H. M. SMITH
T. D. LAKE
J. W. SUMMERS
V. L. PADGETT
B. LILES
J. E. BETHEA
H. E. HEINITSH
W. G. KLUGH
J. C. HARMON

H. L. JOSEY
R. K. CARSON, JR.
H. S. BLACK
R. H. CHAPMAN
W. M. BYERS
F. G. MONTGOMERY
ROBT. J. SMITH
L. B. WANNAMAKER
E. F. LUCAS
L. N. WATSON
A. S. CALVERT



THE REVELLERS

The Owls

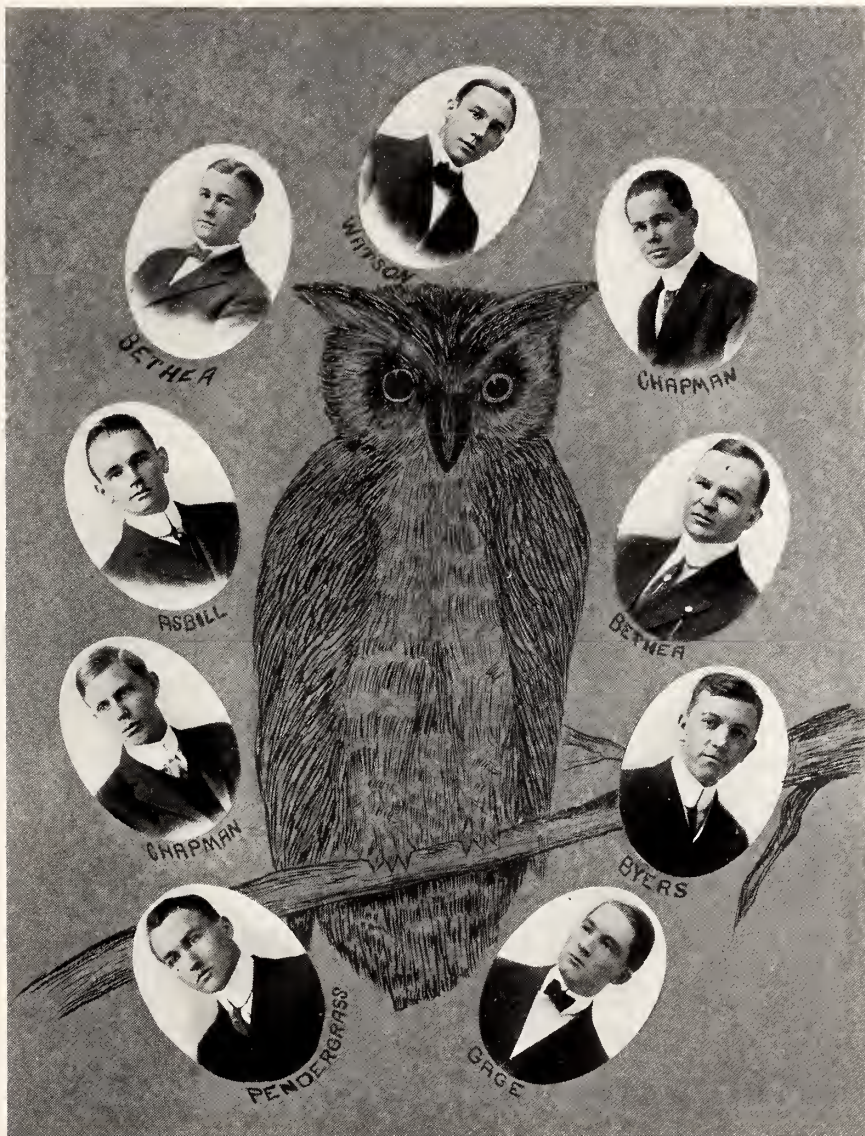
Officers

L. N. WATSON.....PRESIDENT
B. M. ASBILL.....VICE-PRESIDENT
JOHN C. BETHEA.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

BURDETTE M. ASBILL	JAMES A. CHAPMAN
J. EARLE BETHEA	ROBERT H. CHAPMAN
JOHN C. BETHEA	GEORGE W. GAGE
W. MAGNESS BYERS	ERNEST P. PENDERGRASS

LEROY N. WATSON



THE OWLS



BLACK, H. R.
MONTGOMERY, F. G.
RICE, C. R.
TURBEVILLE, W. M.
HARMON, J. C.

HEINITSH, H. E.
THOMPSON, E. W.
KLUGH, W. G.
RAMSEUR, W. T.
LILES, BRYAN



Auto Club

Officers

L. N. WATSON.....	PRESIDENT
W. J. CARTER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
T. LAKE.....	TREASURER
J. EARLE BETHEA.....	SECRETARY

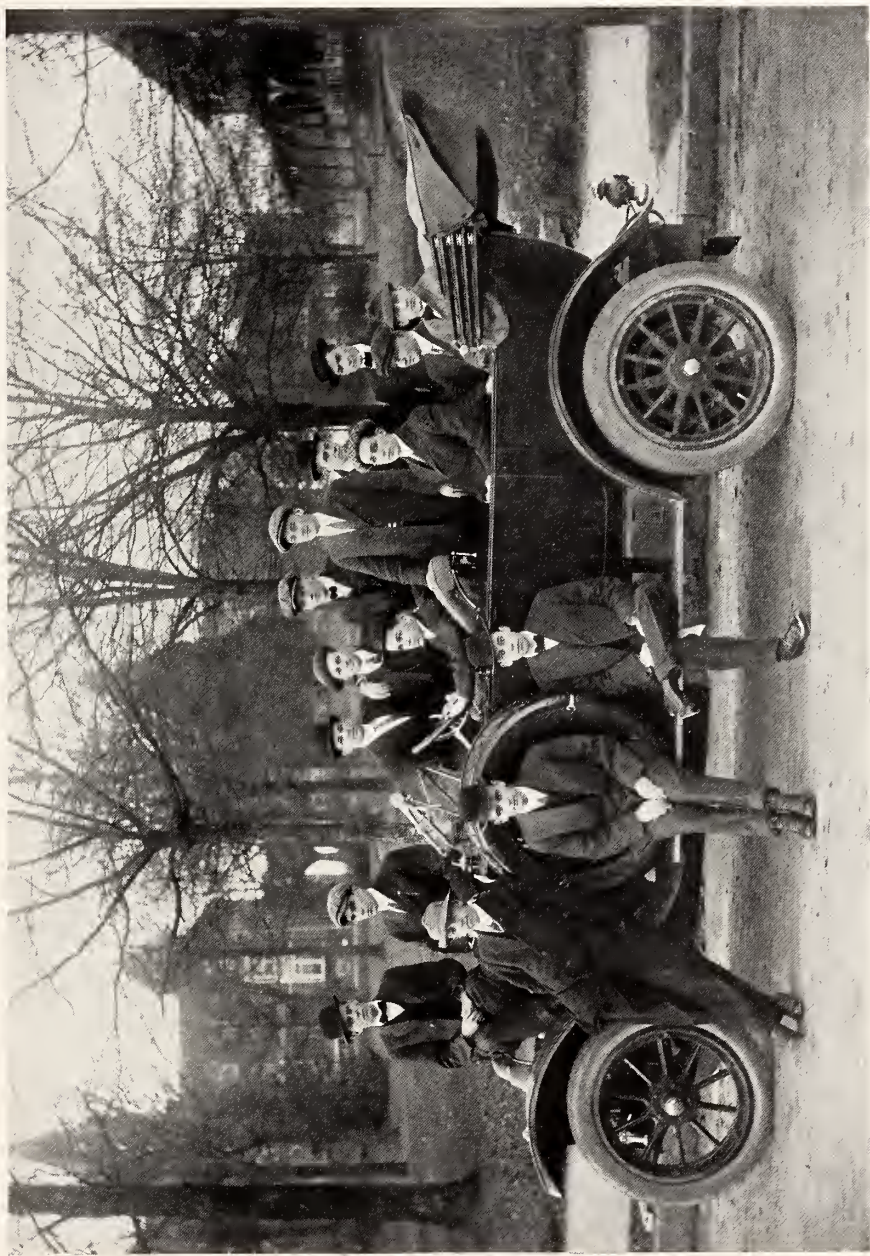


Members

B. MAC ASBILL
JOHN C. BETHEA
J. EARLE BETHEA
LUTHER K. BRICE
W. MAGNESS BYERS
W. J. CARTER
JAMES A. CHAPMAN

ROBERT H. CHAPMAN
GEORGE W. GAGE
TOM LAKE
EDWIN F. LUCAS
LAWRENCE J. STILWELL
HUBERT M. SMITH
EUGENE P. PENDERGRASS

LEROY N. WATSON



AUTO CLUB



THE BOHEMIANS

L. J. STILWELL.....PRESIDENT

Members

W. J. CARTER, JR.

E. F. LUCAS

L. K. BRICE

T. D. LAKE

H. M. SMITH



Mineralogy Class

PROF. D. A. DUPRE.....INSTRUCTOR

J. T. CALVERT

G. H. HODGES

J. O. GREEN

Z. L. MADDEN

T. B. HUMPHRIES

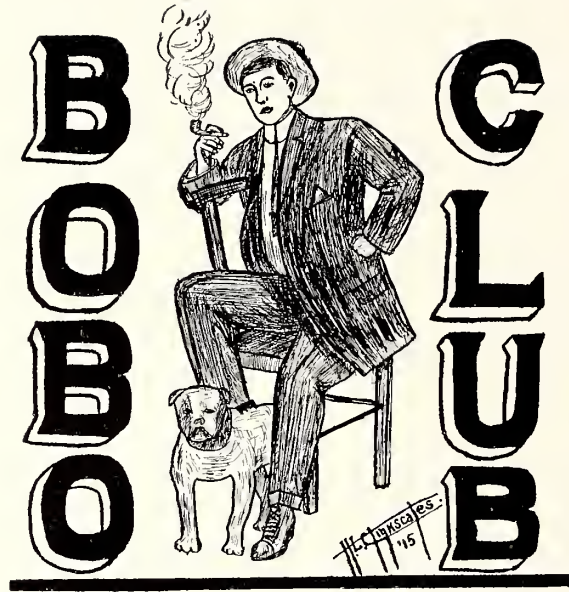
J. T. MONROE

BOBO BURNETT

C. S. RHOD

H. S. BLACK

J. A. CHAPMAN, JR.



Boboites

A congenial, heterogenous composition

NOMEN	ALIAS	PROPRIETAS
DESHIELDS, B. F.	BAXTER	Tennis Artist
DESHIELDS, CLYDE	FRESHMAN	Janitor
FREY, J. R.	JAKE	Famous Twirler
GOOGE, A. L.	ARTHUR	Chief Yarner
HUMPHRIES, T. B.	TOM	Editor
MADDEN, Z. L.	ZACK	Professor
MOORE, LEROY	JERRY	Magistrate
MOSS, W. J.	BILLIE	Bantam Peacock
NORMAN, J. B.	JESS	Assistant Yarner
PLYLER, W. E.	BILL	Class Cutter
RHOAD, C. S.	COLONEL	Mathematician
SMITH, W. H.	WALTON	Ladies' Man
SPIGNER, E. T.	KIT	Parson
STALLWORTH, E. B.	BUB	The Silent
TILLER, W. H.	WENDELL	Reformer



BOBO CLUB



Colors: Brindle and Black.

Motto: "The strippings of the richest."

Object: To get more milk than the Faculty.

Password: "Saw, gal! Saw!"

Rally Cry: "Back your leg, Sookey!"

Place of Meeting: "Clink's" cow barn.

Flavoring: Sherry and Port.

Species of Kine: What the Faculty have.

Kind of Nights: Any kind.

Special Festivities: Night before Thanksgiving.

During examination period.

Difficulties: "Clink's" barbed-wire fence and the arc light.

Dr. Waller's Yale locks and high fence.

"Dan's" propensities for charging and kicking.

"Heinie's" ducks and fice dog.

"Dunc's" cow too d——d economical.

Keaton too athletically inclined.

Sorrows: "Sookey" died, property of "Heinie."

"Gus" without a cow.

"Pugh" is an anti-prohibitionist.

Finis: When school ends; to be continued in September.



Members

CHIEF TEAT-TWITCHER.....	"SHIKE" JENKINS
HEADER.....	"SAMMY" MOSS
TAILER.....	"DEACON" HERBERT
CALF-HOLDERS.....	"COOTS" SMITH AND "DOC" HEATON
CREAM SEPARATOR.....	"FISH" HOOK
PURE-FOOD BABY.....	"CLABBER" STACKLEY
WATCHMEN.....	"PARHEE" SIMS AND "UNDERSLUNG" EPPS
ICE-CREAM FREEZER.....	"SOPH" GRENEKER

GREENWOOD COUNTY CLUB



Motto: "Under the Greenwood Tree,
Who loves to sit with me?"

Colors: Green and Walnut.

Flower: Dogwood.

Officers

J. HUGH ANDERSON.....	PRESIDENT
J. P. WHARTON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. G. KLUGH.....	SECRETARY
H. L. CLINKSCALES.....	TREASURER

Members

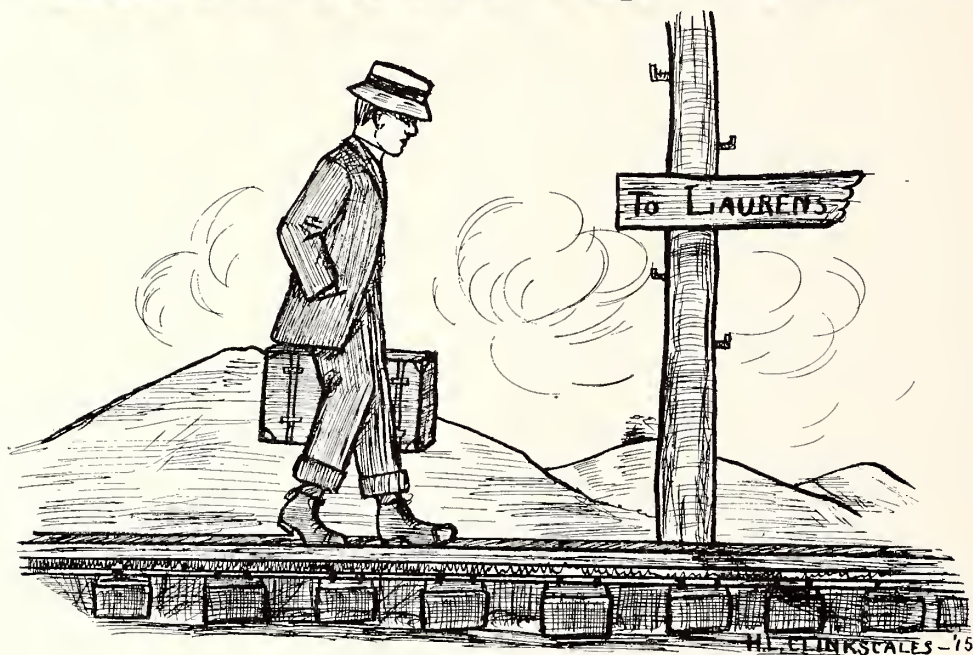
J. L. CALHOUN
H. E. GRIFFIN
J. C. HUTCHISON
R. S. JENKINS
R. T. MEDLOCK

C. W. NICKELS
J. D. STUART
D. F. WADE
L. D. WADE
E. M. WHARTON



GREENWOOD COUNTY CLUB

LAURENS COUNTY



Officers

T. D. LAKE, JR.	PRESIDENT
ELLIS GRAY	VICE-PRESIDENT
Z. L. MADDEN	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

P. D. HUFF
O. P. HUFF
L. T. YEARGIN
ELLIS GRAY
CARROL GRAY

ROLAND MOSELEY
E. F. MOSELEY
E. F. LUCAS
T. D. LAKE
R. H. FLEMING

J. C. OWENS
Z. L. MADDEN
A. L. BROOKS
CLYDE DeSHIELDS
B. F. DeSHIELDS



LAURENS COUNTY CLUB



Officers

C. T. EASTERLING.....PRESIDENT
H. G. GIBSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT
J. M. TOWNSEND.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

G. C. ADAMS	R. T. FLETCHER
J. L. BENNETT, JR.	H. G. GIESON
J. C. COVINGTON, JR.	E. W. HOOK
C. T. EASTERLING, JR.	R. B. KIRKWOOD
R. M. EDENS	REMBERT PATE

J. M. TOWNSEND

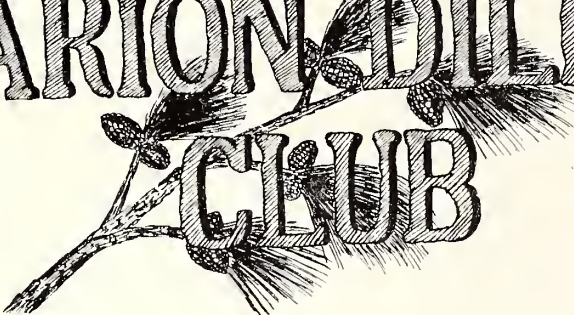


MARLBORO COUNTY CLUB

MARION DILLON

CLUB

J. L. WILLEDGE



Motto: "Be Foxy."

Colors: Gray and Garnet.

Officers

M. K. FORT.....	PRESIDENT
S. F. NICHOLS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
C. A. MONROE.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

J. E. BETHEA

J. C. BETHEA

D. C. CARMICHAEL

W. J. CARTER, JR.

W. D. CROSS

WILLIAM DARGAN

D. L. EDWARDS

D. E. ELLERBE

J. Y. LeGETTE

WILLIAM MELVIN

HOUSTON MANNING

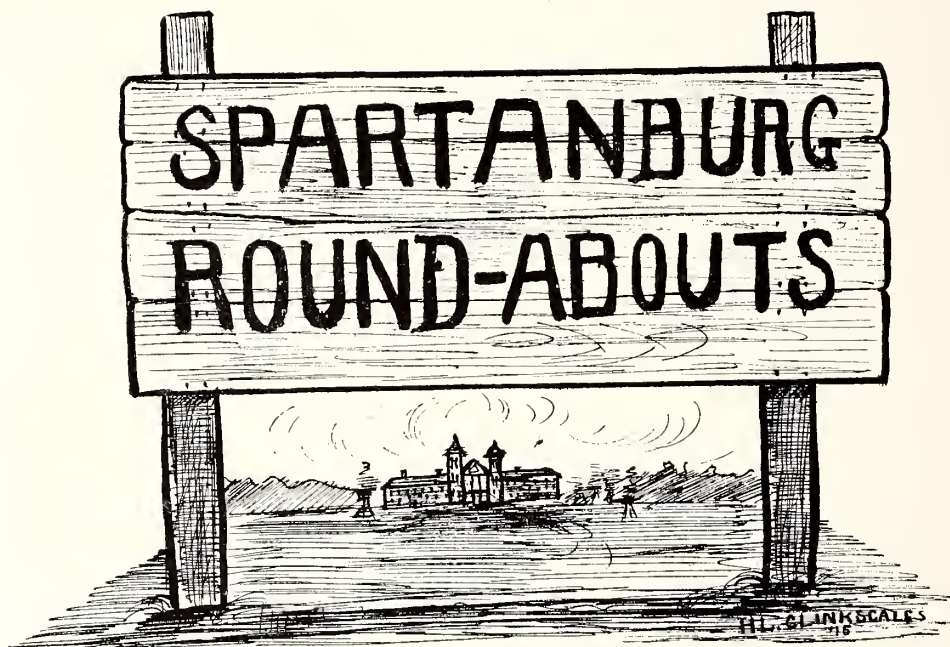
H. M. MOODY

C. D. PHILLIPS

J. M. STACKHOUSE



MARION-DILLON COUNTY CLUB



Purpose: To succeed near "The City of Success."

Officers

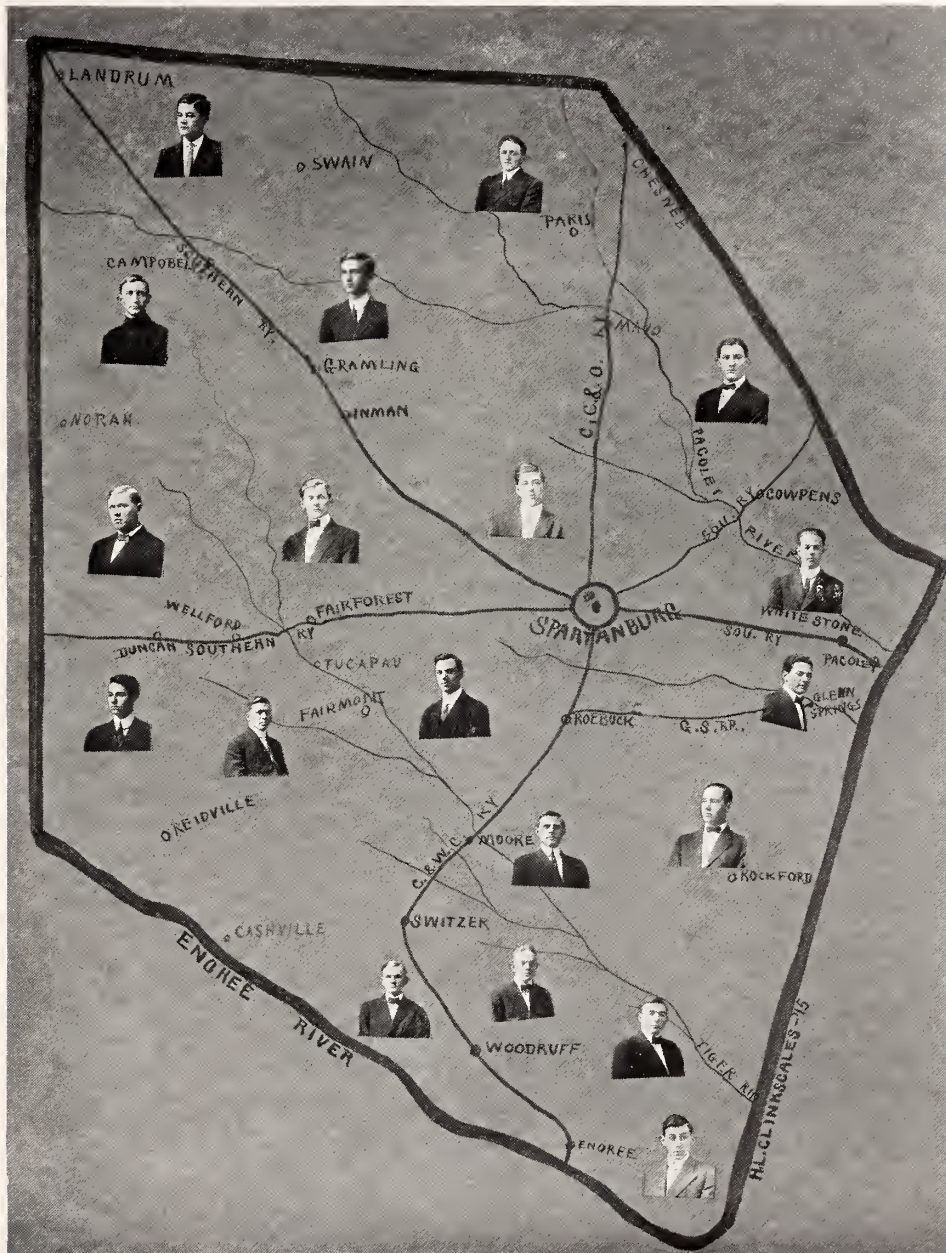
E. B. STALLWORTH.....	PRESIDENT
FRED MOORE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. R. FREY.....	SECRETARY
J. W. HARRIS, JR.....	TREASURER

Members

J. H. ANDERSON
W. W. ALEXANDER
H. H. BROWN
J. B. DEAN
J. R. FREY
C. B. GOSNELL

J. W. HARRIS, JR.
V. E. HOLCOMBE
H. B. KILGORE
FRED MOORE
LEROY MOORE
J. S. MCCLIMON
J. A. WOLFE

J. A. MURPH
J. B. NORMAN
C. M. SIMS
G. B. SMITH
R. J. SMITH
E. B. STALLWORTH



SPARTANBURG ROUNDABOUTS



Clarendon County Club

Officers

M. B. PATRICK.....	PRESIDENT
B. B. BROADWAY.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. C. CURTIS.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

G. W. FURSE
E. W. FURSE
J. M. SPROTT

C. W. SPROTT
N. A. HALL
W. H. SMITH

W. M. TURBEVILLE



Darlington County Club

Colors: Garnet and Blue.

Motto: Never weary.

Officers

C. E. KING.....	PRESIDENT
O. G. JORDAN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. P. DuBOSE.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

J. E. BURCH	F. A JORDAN
H. P. DuBOSE	C. E. KING
O. G. JORDAN	F. A. VAUGHN
J. B. REYNOLDS	



Horry County Club

W. B. KING.....PRESIDENT

Members

L. D. B. WILLIAMS

J. E. FORD

W. K. SUGGS

W. D. GLEATON

W. B. KING

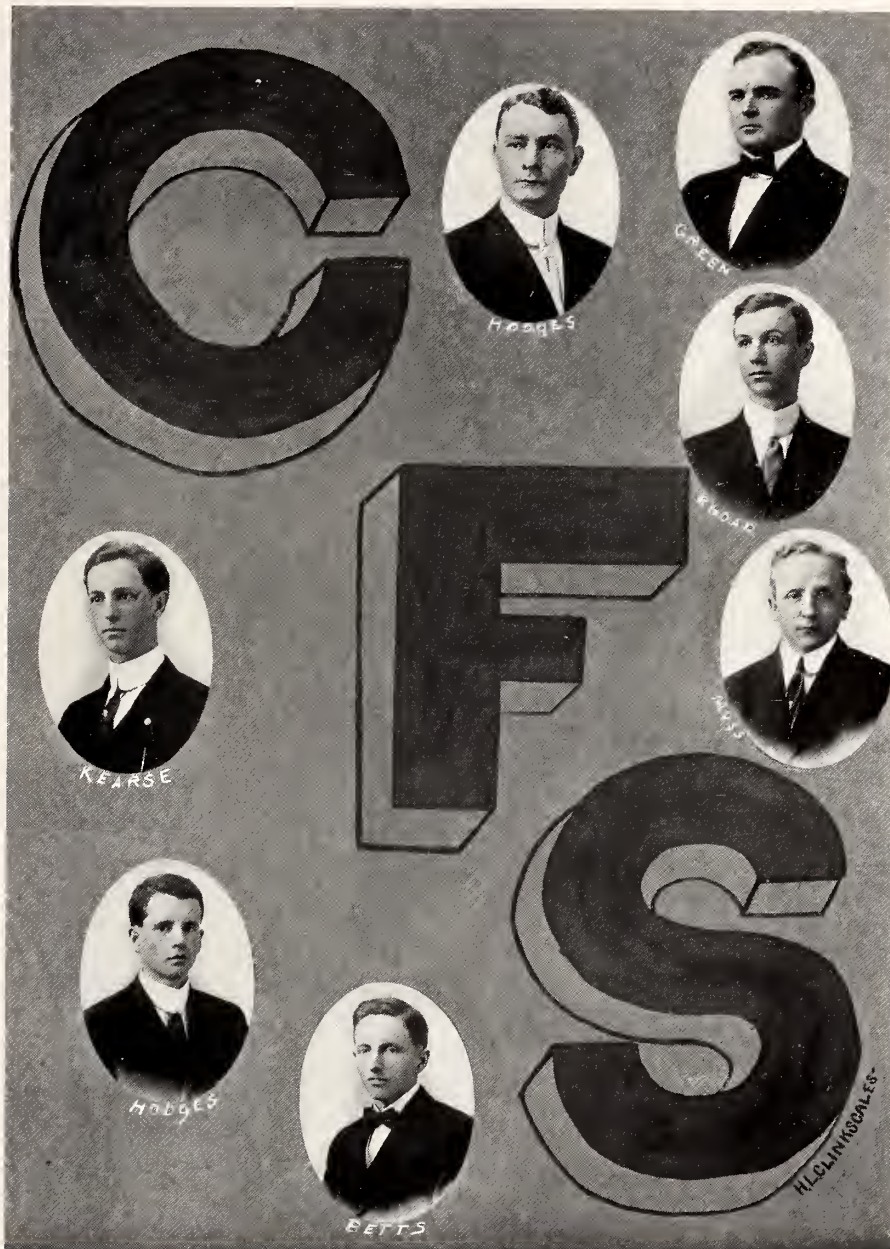
T. J. PERRITT

L. A. THOMPSON

LLOYD FORD

S. J. BLAND

G. C. CANNON



CARLSLE FITTING SCHOOL CLUB



Managers' Club

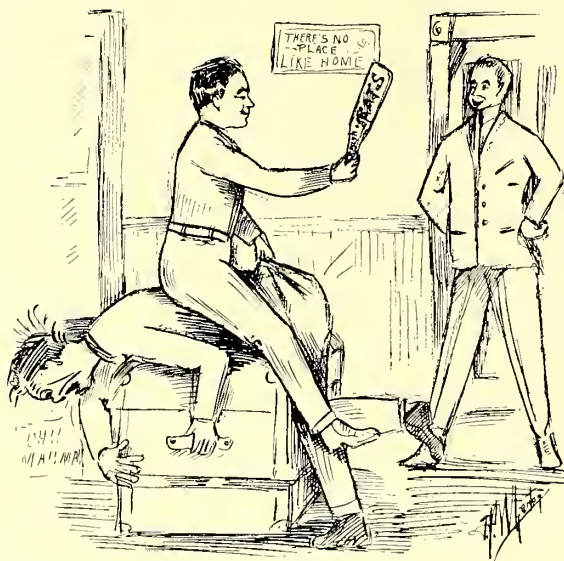
J. T. MONROE.....	MANAGER THE BOHEMIAN
J. C. HYER.....	MANAGER THE JOURNAL
J. A. CHAPMAN, JR.....	MANAGER ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
Z. L. MADDEN.....	ADVERTISING MANAGER BOHEMIAN
W. M. BYERS.....	MANAGER GLEE CLUB
MAYS EARLE.....	MANAGER TRACK TEAM
B. F. DESHIELDS.....	MANAGER BASKET-BALL TEAM

WOFFORD COLLEGE
NUMBER

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol - No 11 - 1914/15

Life





OBEY THAT IMPULSE

Down With Tyranny !!

Sophomores Hold Class Meeting

They decide to do away with the faculty, college rules and all regulations pertaining to hazing. They unanimously decide to visit the Freshmen every week at Carlisle Hall, giving each Freshman his full share of warmth from paddles, bats and razor straps. Faculty decisions from now and all future times will be declared null and void.

Arrange Now for the Great Faculty Number of

LIFE

OUT MAY 14th, 1914

ALL STUDENTS SHOULD BE INTERESTED

SAMPLE COPY SENT ANYWHERE
IN AMERICA ON RECEIPT OF

\$2.50

SPECIAL OFFER
Enclosed find \$2.50. Please send next issue of
College Life to
Address all communications to
EDITOR COLLEGE LIFE,
Wofford Campus,
Spartanburg, S. C.



VOL. 1748, No. 1

SPARTANBURG, S. C., APRIL 1st, 1995

PRICE \$1.79

LIFE

*Much of life is only strife,
With grief along the way;
Truth is crushed, and Right is brushed
Unblushingly away;
Faith is lost—your soul is tossed
By questionings and doubt;
Lies are told, and honor sold,
By people all about;
Age is cuffed, and youth rebuffed—
There's no respect for age—
Fraud is used, and Truth abused,
Provoking you to rage;
While you sleep they steal your sheep,
And all your scanty hoard;
False from true, though known to you,
Is by them quite ignored;*

*Battle's hard; your fate, ill-starred,
And fainter sounds your song;
Swords are clashed, and Right is dashed
Beneath the feet of Wrong;
Though the fight be till the night,
Stick ever to your post—
Victory will be to thee,
Though seems your cause quite lost—
Keep the field, and use your shield
To ward off hostile darts;
Let no harm your strength disarm,
Or fear unman your heart.
And though life may seem but strife,
Don't cast your banner down—
Draw your sword, and be the lord,
And yours will be a crown!*



THE MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETING



SENIOR FACTS

ASBILL	MOST "LADY-SHY"	GREEN	MOST PUNCTUAL
BETHEA	THE MIDGET	HARMON	MOST SERIOUS
BLACK	MOST RETIRING	HODGES	"CRAP" SHOOTER
BLAIR	THE DULLEST	HUMPHRIES	BEST MUSICIAN
BROWN	ALWAYS IN HIS ROOM	HYER	MOST HUMBLE
BURNETT	MOST CLUMSY	KELLEY	NEVER ARGUES
CALVERT	MOST UNTIDY	MADDEN	BIGGEST Y. M. C. A. MAN
CARLISLE	MOST CHARMING	MERCHANT	SMALLEST EATER
CARTER	BOOKWORM	MONROE	HEART SMASHER
CHAPMAN	THE WOMAN HATER	MOSS	THE QUIETEST
COOLEY	MOST HANDSOME	PAYSINGER	MOST ENERGETIC
EARLE	MOST BOISTEROUS	RHOAD	NEVER SEEN UPTOWN
EASTERLING	POOL SHARK	SIMS, H. R.	POOREST STUDENT
EDWARDS, C. R.	CLASS PET	SIMS, H. S.	MOST SUBMISSIVE
EDWARDS, D. L.	MOST PROSAIC	SPIGNER	THEATER-GOER
EDWARDS, J. A.	SWEETEST-NATURED	STACKHOUSE	NEVER MISSES CHAPEL
EPPS	BEST LANGUAGE STUDENT	STALLWORTH	FUSS RAISER
GENES	SLOWEST TALKER	STILWELL	SWELLEST DANCER
GIBSON	PRIDE OF THE CLASS	TILLER	MOST UNTRUTHFUL
GOOGE	BIGGEST CROOK	WATSON	THE "TIGHT WAD"



Intimate Interviews

Henry Nelson Snyder sat in his library, reading. A knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," he called, as he rose from his seat.

Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder, LL. D., Litt. D., walked in and shook hands with him.

"Have this chair?"

"Oh, no; keep your seat! Just ran in to talk a few minutes."

"Well, what do you know?"

"Nothing much. I have just left my Ethics class, and am rather tired."

"That's a fine class of boys, doctor," said Henry Nelson, "and I feel like congratulating you."

Dr. Henry Nelson smiled pleasantly and thanked himself.

"Yes, it's a good class; in a sense they missed some fine opportunities though."

"How?"

"Oh, they were always divided among themselves!"

"How?"

"Well, they didn't seem to pull together."

"For instance?" demanded Henry Nelson imperiously.

"Why, when they first got here they didn't even have unity enough to cut classes simultaneously."

"Well, that lack of unity is, to a certain extent, a good thing," said H. N. casually.

"How?" queried Dr. H. N.

"You know that class had some mean members in it."

"Well?"

"Suppose they had stuck together. They might have caused trouble."

"How?"

"By not taking some of the extra work you gave them."

"Explain."

"Two languages two years, Senior exams, modern civilization, and 'others'."

Here Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder laughed indulgently.

The memory of the new work was pleasant.

He arose to leave.

"Well, doctor, I'm mighty glad to have had this talk with you, and hope to see you again."

The door slammed and reading was resumed.

Senior Hodges: "Ariail, are you going to marry that girl?"

Fresh Ariail: "That's going too far into the profound depths of my internal sensuality." What?

Fresh Salley said he couldn't mail his letter because the mail box had a lock on it.

Fresh Pate says Soph Melvin should not haze because he is a janitor (monitor).

Senior Carter said it was some job to focus his telescope (microscope) on the yeast cells in Biology.

Fresh Ariail: "Stackley, have you ever read 'Adam Bede'?"

Junior Stackley: "Heaven forbid! I have never read any of Thackeray's works except 'Vanity Fair.'"

Fresh Walling was interested to know if the fire hose in the halls of the dormitory was for cleaning the floors.

Fresh Felkel was found trying to turn on the steam heat at the electric switchboard.

Prof. R.: "Mr. Muldrow, name the four Gospels."

Muldrow: "Peter, Leviticus, Jude, and Revolutions."

Ques.: What's a circle?

Ans.: An argument between Bill Plyler and Cliff Rhoad.

"Ty" Genes wanted to know if he could buy a second-hand (round trip) ticket for the Christmas holidays.

Fresh Palmer (to the persistent newsboy): "I can't read."

Newsboy: "I bet you can read a free-lunch sign half a mile away."

Prof. Clink: "Mr. —, where are you from?"

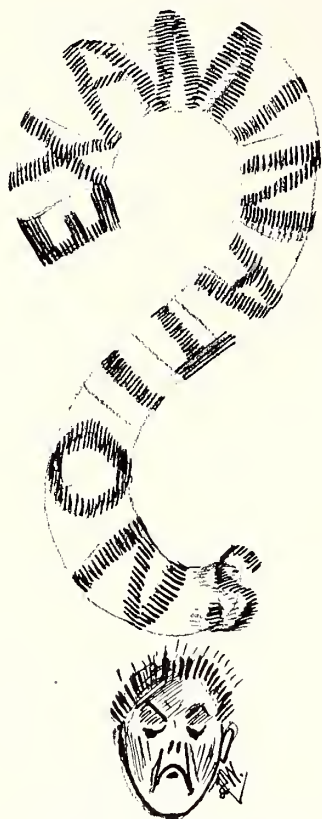
Freshman: "Professor, I answered unprepared."

Styx (at Southern depot): "Say, John, does this division of the Southern go to or come from Atlanta?"

Fresh (in Pete's Café): "Bring me some peas and rice."

Waiter: "We are out of 'em."

Fresh: "Bring me some cheese and crackers."

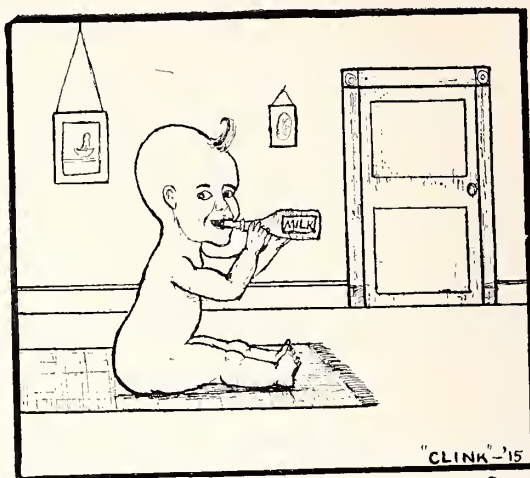
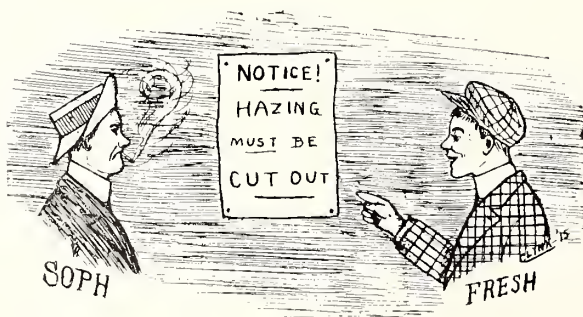


THE "INFERNAL" QUESTION

The girl's mother answered the phone: "Who's that?"
 Fresh Felkel: "Guess who?"
 Mother: "I don't know."
 Felkel: "Guess two times."
 Mother: "First, a fool; second, a fool."

Soph Summers wanted to know if he could borrow a circumference from Soph Whitaker.

Junior Moss: "Innocence of the law is no excuse in the literary societies."

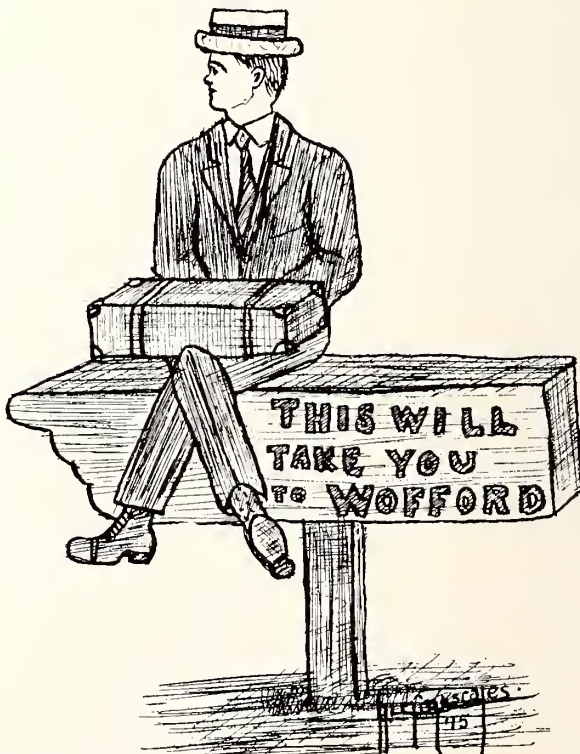


HIS FIRST LESSON IN DRAWING.

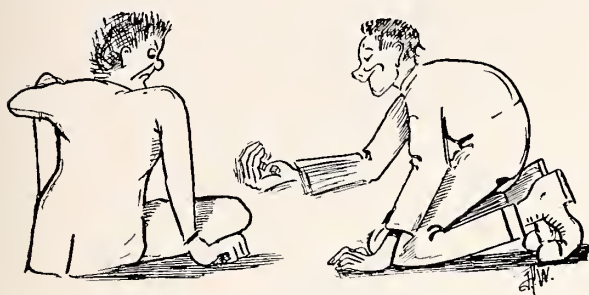
Lady (at the reception): "Mr. Brown, I am pleased to meet you."

Fresh Brown (proudly): "I 'lowed you'd be."

Fresh Hodges wants to know if the Zabel Flats is where the fire department is kept.



FRESH (after three hours' wait): "I wonder when this thing starts"



STUDENT SLANG: "He's boning"

What's in a Name?

When will Steele Spann the Lake?
 When is a Stallworth Moore than a Stackhouse?
 If you are Owing any one why not Paysinger?
 If Eddie is a Blackman, is Olin White?
 Why does Syfan in the Summers?
 If Waters were deep, could Pitchford them?
 If MacFall would Le Gette some one to Turner?
 If a Wolfe were on Broadway, where would Ellerbe?
 Is there any Gray Moss in Carlisle?
 Do All Rhoads lead to Anderson?

H. B. K., '15.



STUDENT SLANG: "Riding"

We Studied Latin

*We were reading Latin,
 Early in the Matin.
 She was dressed in satin—
 We were reading Latin.
 We were in Manhattan,
 I took off her hat, an'
 Kissed her as she sat, an'
 We were reading Latin!*

*While we studied Cæsar,
 I had tried to tease 'er;
 "Waistly" I did seize 'er;
 While we studied Cæsar.
 Didn't seem to please 'er,
 While we studied Cæsar.
 I could not appease 'er,
 While we studied Cæsar!*

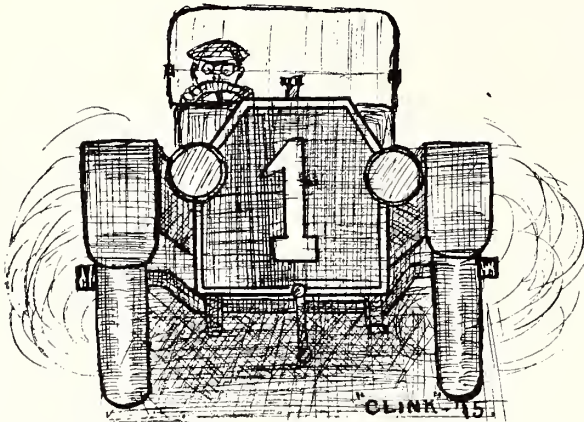
*While we read Horatius,
 In a room quite spacious,
 She was very gracious,
 While we read Horatius;
 I was quite audacious—
 Kissed her pretty "facius,"
 Then she said, "Good Gracious!"
 While we read Horatius!*

*We had read old Pliny,
 Years before not many;
 He wrote letters, then 'e—
 We had read old Pliny!
 Gee! 'Twas worth a penny,
 When I kissed her chinny—
 Didn't please her any—
 We had read old Pliny!*

*We were scanning Plautus—
 In the books we'd bought us;
 Teacher, he had taught us,
 We were scanning Plautus;
 Some one who had sought us,
 Shouted out "he'd caught us!"
 Back to life this brought us—
 We were scanning Plautus!*

*Hang the old civilian!
 With his "Get Quintilian,"
 Let him read a billion—
 Hang the old civilian!
 She's my lovely Lillian,
 We have a pavilion,
 And are worth a million—
 Hang the old civilian!*

EDWARDS, '13.



FAMILIAR EXPRESSION: "Look out for No. 1"



STUDENT SLANG: "Busted on History!"



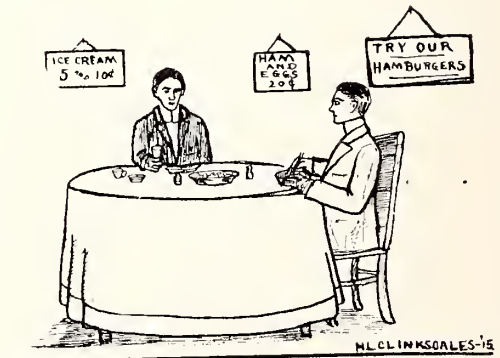
STUDENT SLANG: "He rode me the whole hour"



STUDENT SLANG: "He cuts classes"

A Kiss

*Yes, she kissed me, and that kiss
Seemed to me the sweetest bliss
I had ever known.
But within that little kiss
Wrote the Fates, a wretchedness,
For her love was artificial,
And my strength was superficial—
All seemed gone.*

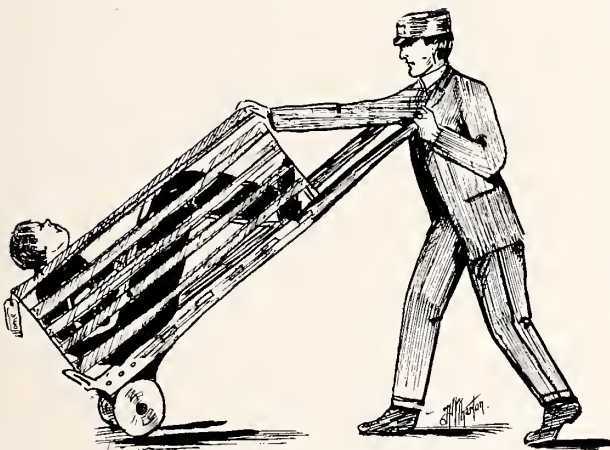


FRESHMAN (after eating a half-fry): "Those chicken gizzards were something extra"



"BLOCKHEAD"

Dunbar (having dropped five cents in mail box):
"Now, play 'Home, Sweet Home'."



"SHIPPED"



"SHOT HIM FOR A THOUSAND"

Mr. Hodges wants to know if the speed of the Freshmen in going through the halls of the new dormitory is due to the slick, polished floors (?).



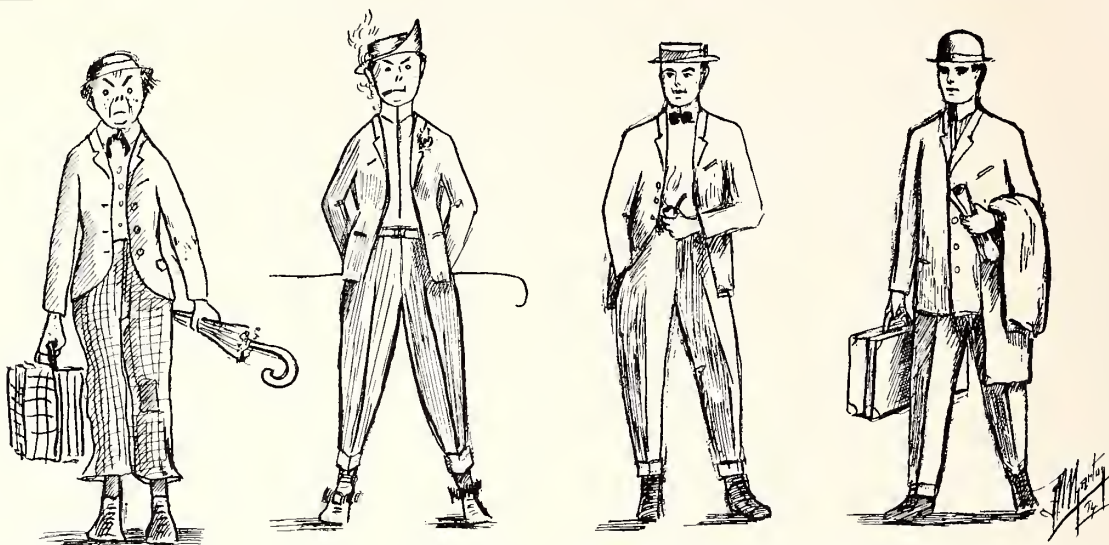
"HOW MANY LOCKS HAVE YOU?"

Dr. Wallace (in Junior History): "By what name were the clergy who presided over the parish priests in the fourteenth century called?"

McCullough: "Presiding elders."



FOOTBALL SLANG: "Laid out"



EVOLUTION OF A FRESHMAN



A Pipe Dream

*I muse alone as clouds of smoke
 Arise from my old pipe.
 I think of days that are no more,
 Days of most pleasant type,
 And I see within each cloud a face,
 A face of beauty, charm and grace—
 Her face.*

*As my tobacco becomes low,
 And my old pipe grows strong,
 I muse, forgetting everything
 Save her I've missed so long.
 And I see within each cloud a face,
 A face of beauty, charm and grace—
 Her face.*

*She smiles within the boiling smoke,
 The same sweet, gentle smile;
 She speaks to me; her dreamy eyes
 In smoke, my soul beguile,
 And I sigh when the smoke all creeps away
 To think that the vision can not stay—
 Her face.*

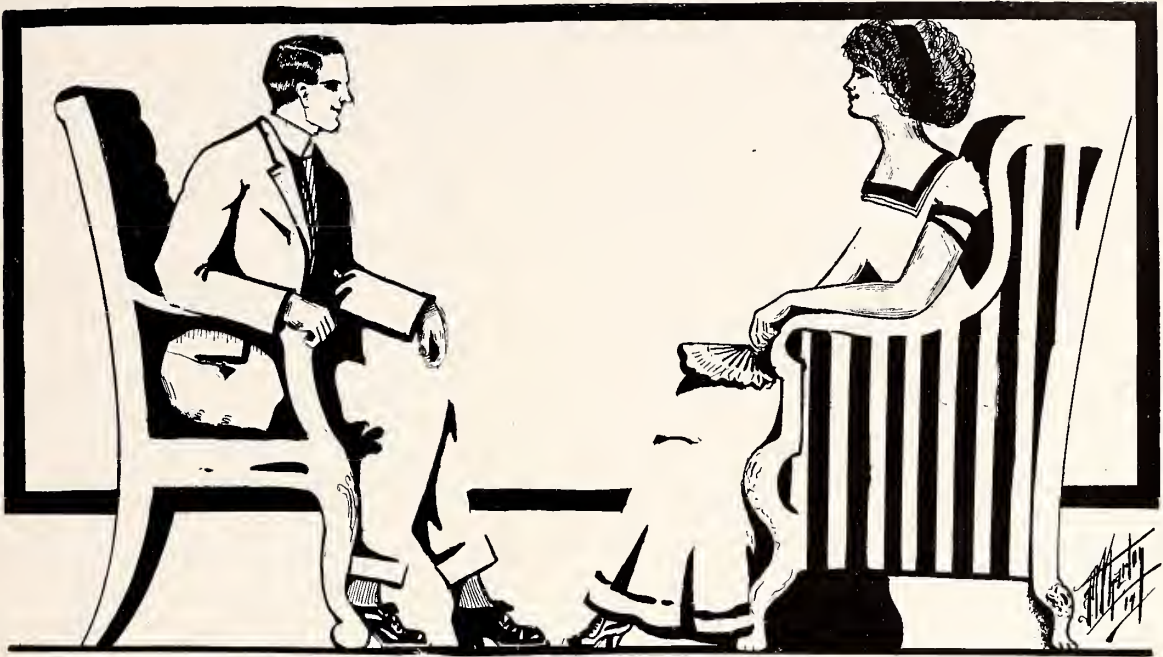


SHE'S A BEAN

Chick Chapman: "I know this hat doesn't look good on me, but I have to keep in style."

Fresh Medlock: "Say, fellows, how many does it take for a Freshman quartette?"

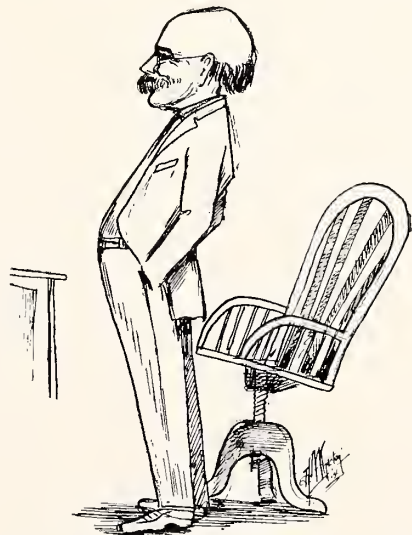
Wanted, to know if the Sophomores have succeeded in getting Professor Betts to dance?



SATURDAY - AFTERNOONS
WE ——— CONVERSE.



ON HOLIDAY.



"FRESHMEN, TAKE FIRST 164 PAGES!"

Some Epitaphs that Concern Wofford

D. A. DUPRE

"Here lies Professor Dan," I trow;
"Those thumbs, we hope, are resting now."

A. G. REMBERT

"Here lies Professor Rembert, teacher Greek;
He resteth now, for blessed are the meek."

J. A. GAMEWELL

"Here lies a teacher and an honest man."

D. D. WALLACE

And "Here lies Wallace—rather 'Dunk';"
A solace, tho', "No more of us he'll flunk."

J. G. CLINKSCALES

"Here lies Clinkscapes, for short called 'Clink';
To's memory a toast let's drink."

H. N. SNYDER

"Here lies Henry Nelson Snyder;
Killed himself trying to catch a rider."

W. A. COLWELL

"Here lies Colwell, who died one day,
Oh, Qu'il repose en paix, we pray!"

W. L. PUGH

"Here lies Pugh, a Welshman haughty;
Devil took him 'cause he acted naughty."

C. B. WALLER

"The microbes spare this man, we pray;
He met his death one April day."

A. M. DUPRE

"This was indeed a man superb,
May he rest free of Latin verbs."

E. H. SHULER

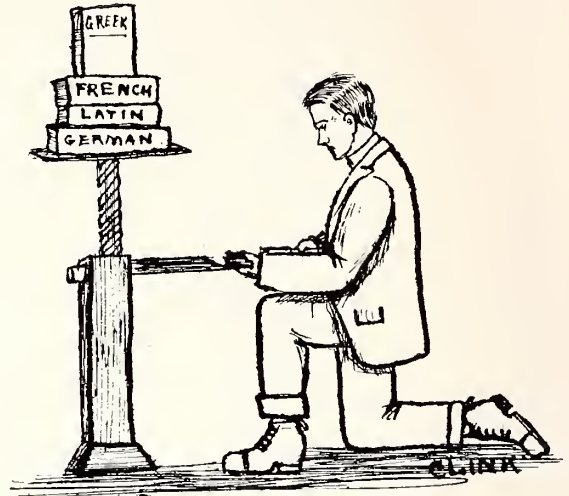
"If a witch encounter Shuler,
May he, somehow, some time, fool 'er."

V. C. EDWARDS

"Died in 1957,
He was aged a hundred 'leven;
Take him, save him, bless him, Heaven!"

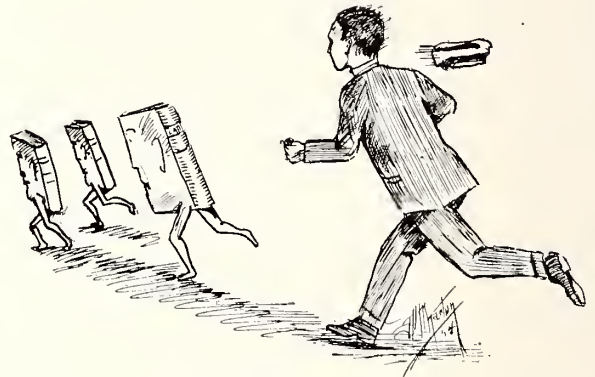
R. L. KEATON

And last, not least,
"Keaton, R. L., in sickness fell;
We'll ring his knell with a 'dumb-bell'."



HE JACKED HIS BOOKS

Prof. Rembert: "Mr. Genes, what is the first thing
you think of when I say 9×7 ?"
"Ty" Genes: "56, Professor."



PER SUEING HIS STUDIES

"Father" King (on receiving an invitation to Limestone reception): "Fellows, I'm sorry, but I will have to write a declining note of refusal."

Fresh Huff: "Cauthen, here's your nickel."

Cauthen: "I thought I told you to mail my letter with it."

Huff: "You did; but I slipped it in when nobody was looking."

Soph Merchant: "I had to 'snag' it to the Fresh Reception."

Fresh Nichols: "Say, boys, what is the horse laugh?"

Life's Confidential Guide to Theatres

HARRIS

MR. J. T. MONROE, "Green Socks." Loud, hilariously laughable.

GRAND

LAURENCE STILWELL is the Prima Donna with LAURENCE LESTER. Singing illustrated songs.

REX

"The Bohemian." Tremendous chorus. HUMPHRIES' slinging the bull was commendable.

MAGIC

"Mr. Long and Mr. Short." BILLY MOSS and "HAPPY" BURCH.

FAIRYLAND

VERNON PADGETT is making his début as Richmond in "Rye."

CENTRAL

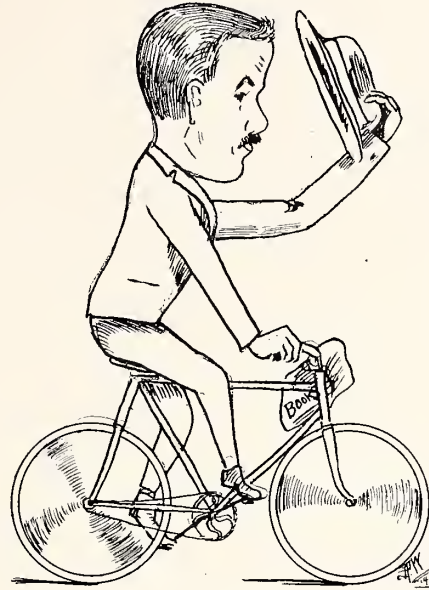
"BUB" GREEN, in "Baby Mine," is the successful impersonator of the teacher.

LYRIC

"Mutt and Jeff," a musical farce, with TOM LAKE and HUBERT SMITH in title rôles.

BIJOU

"Sultan of Halo." "CAL" WATSON and BILL CARTER singing leading rôles. Rather harsh, but a taker.



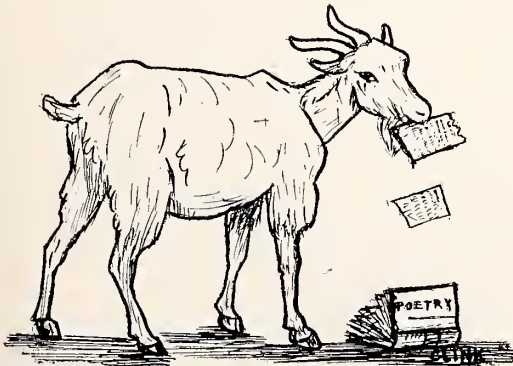
GOOD MORNING

Prof. Rembert: "Mr. Huff, I gave you zero on your recitation today."

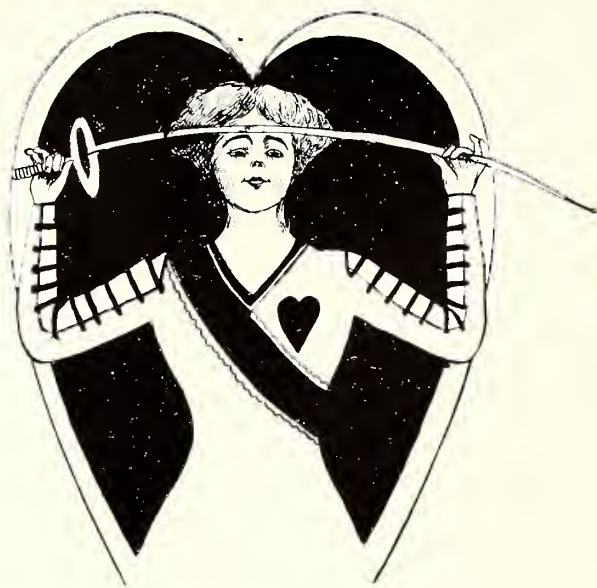
Huff: "It's immaterial to your Uncle Dudley."



BASEBALL EXPRESSION: "He's up in the air"



A TASTE FOR POETRY



THE CHALLENGE



"THE MORNING AFTER"

To a Cloud

*A miracle thou art,
Thou flimsy thing
That through the heavens dart,
Like bird on wing!
Thou mist-like thing,
No bird that sings
Can swifter, farther, fly;
No foel that wings
Its distant flight in sky
Can be so void of fear,
Or half so free of care.
And to no soaring thing
That has a feathered wing
Are such dimensions given.
And yet, like birds, you dart
Right through the heart
Of lofty heaven.*

D. L. E., '13.



KNOWLEDGE!



MOONLIGHT AT WOFFORD

*The moon shines bright with silvery light,
Within the sky of twinkling beams,
O'er old Wofford, as we to-night
Sit dreaming gently life's great dreams.*

*Within the campus voices low
Singing old songs of other years,
The past's approved, 'tis so changed now,
And some are shedding homesick tears.*

*The moon, in consolation deep,
Looks down on us and speaks gently:
"Be merry, youths, let gone days sleep,
Think of the future, what 'twill be."*

*The moon shines bright a few short days,
Time's ceaseless course must run,
We all must part from old Wofford—
Enjoy in peace the life undone.*

WARREN ARIAIL.





FAREWELL



I MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

College Annual Photographs

FOR 1913, WOFFORD COLLEGE, SPARTANBURG, S. C.,
CONVERSE COLLEGE, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

I KNOW THE EXACT QUALITY OF PHOTOGRAPHS BEST FOR ENGRAVING

R. F. PETERSON

PHOTOGRAPHER AND OPTICIAN

141 1-2 E. MAIN ST.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Converse College

Spartanburg, S. C.



A STANDARD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

No Preparatory Department

COMPRISES

1. A School of the Liberal Arts and Sciences, offering the A. B. and A. M. degrees.
2. A School of the Fine Arts, offering the B. Mus. degree and a diploma in Art.

EARLY APPLICATION IS ADVISED

ROBT. P. PELL, Litt. D., *Pres't*

WOFFORD COLLEGE

HENRY N. SNYDER, A. M., LL. D., LITT. D., PRESIDENT

A High-Grade College

FOR MEN

Gymnasium, Athletic Grounds, Science Hall, Library, Lyceum,
Modern Dormitory, Carlisle Hall, with
every convenience

Expenses Moderate

FOR CATALOGUE, ADDRESS

J. A. GAMEWELL, Secretary

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Wofford College Fitting School

The Wofford College Fitting School is situated on the northeastern part of Wofford College Campus, and its students have access to the College Gymnasium, Library, Science Hall and Athletic Grounds. Faculty composed of College Graduates. The buildings and equipments are modern and personal attention is given to students.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

ADDRESS

A. W. HORTON,

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

First National Bank

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Established 1871

Capital	\$500,000.00
Surplus	75,000.00

EDUCATION FIRST, THEN BUSINESS

An educated man enters life partially equipped, at least, for the business problems which may confront him.

There is no better place in South Carolina to get this education than at Wofford College. The eye of the business world is on the coming young man, who has proven his metal. A place awaits the equipped toiler.

W. E. BURNETT, PRESIDENT
J. B. CLEVELAND, V.-PRESIDENT
A. M. CHREITZBERG, V.-PRES'T & CASHIER
S. B. JONES, ASST. CASHIER
FRANK C. ROGERS, ASST. CASHIER

First National Bank

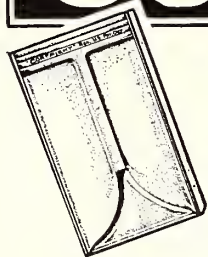
The Du Pre Book Store

Books, Stationery
and Pictures



SPARTANBURG :: SOUTH CAROLINA

CORTRIGHT



IF you are interested in roofing material for a residence, church or school, it will pay you to investigate *Cortright Metal Shingles*. They are storm-proof, fire-proof, attractive in appearance and durable. They have been giving roof-satisfaction for more than a quarter of a century. They make the best covering obtainable at a reasonable price.

Catalogue "*Concerning That Roof*" tells more about them; sent free on request.

CORTRIGHT METAL ROOFING CO.

50 N. 23D STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Turner's Cigar Store, Inc.

120 E. MAIN STREET



RETAILERS AND JOBBERS OF

Cigars, Tobaccos and Sporting Goods



EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR THE

CELEBRATED

Martha Washington Home-made Candies

For the Largest and Best Assortment
of Clothing, Hats and
Furnishing Goods

VISIT

GREENWALD'S

The Leading Clothiers

For Men, Women and
Children

105-107 West Main St.
Spartanburg, So. Carolina

Ed. Walsh is the Iron Man
of the American League. He
is always ready for work and
apparently never wears out.

**Meyer
Clothes**

are the kind that stand the
stress and strain. They wear
like iron and look well always.

WEAR MEYER CLOTHES
and GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

The University of South Carolina

The health and morals of the students are the first cares.

The University has the following departments of study:

I—THE COLLEGE, with various courses of study in Language, History, Science, etc., leading to the degrees of A. B. and B. S. Five general scholarships, worth from \$100 to \$150 each.

II—GRADUATE SCHOOL, with advanced courses leading to the degree of Master of Arts. The graduates of the colleges of South Carolina are admitted to the University in all courses, except Law, without charge of tuition.

III—SCHOOL OF COMMERCE AND FINANCE, with the degree of A. B. Special two years' course for men who expect to enter business, journalism or Law.

IV—CIVIL ENGINEERING. Practical work in road construction.

V—SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS, with the A. B. degree. Forty-four teachers' scholarships, each worth \$100 in cash, and exemption from fees.

VI—LAW. Graduates of the Law School are admitted to the State Bar without examination. Law Scholarship worth \$190.

College fees for the year, \$18. For those paying tuition, \$40 additional. Room, with light and service, \$8 a year. For catalog, address

S. C. MITCHELL, President
COLUMBIA, S. C.



STANDARD QUALITY

There is no quicksand more unstable than poverty in quality, and we avoid this quicksand by STANDARD QUALITY.

Tennis
Golf
Baseball
Cricket
Foot-ball
Basket Ball
Athletic Equipment

CATALOGUE FREE

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
74 NORTH BROAD ST., ATLANTA, GA.

*When you miss the Ball—
any Ball—Say*

L. J. CAUTHEN
AGENT

ZZUNK

Write and we'll tell you why.

ALEX. TAYLOR & CO., Athletic Outfitters, 16 E. 42d St., Opposite
Hotel Manhattan New York

Ashepoo Fertilizer Co.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-GRADE

Ammoniated Fertilizers and Acid
Phosphates

Large users of Fish in the manufacture
of their goods

Use the Ashepoo Goods once you will
use them always

Call on your merchant friends to supply
you with Ashepoo Goods

FRANK E. TAYLOR, V.-PRES.

141 EAST BAY STREET
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

*The sure way to prosper
is to save money all the
time—The safe way to
save is to*

Deposit Your Money With Us

*Where one man gets rich
through hazardous spec-
ulation, a hundred get
poor. We offer you every
accommodation consist-
ent with good banking.*

Central National Bank

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

PHONE 819

CONNOR'S CARPET STORE

*Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Linoleum, Draperies
and Window Shades*

171 WEST MAIN ST.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.



¶ This book is a fair sample of our work in printing, binding and caring for the engravings. ¶ Into all of our products, whether college publications or general commercial work, we put the infinite pains necessary to insure our patrons receiving the highest quality printing.

J. P. BELL COMPANY, INCORPORATED
PRINTERS, DESIGNERS, ENGRAVERS
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

BAILEY & WOODRUFF

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS

*Prices and Quality
Always Guaranteed*

**Once a Customer
Always a Customer**



Broad Street, Near Railroad Crossing

Ligon's Drug Store

EXCLUSIVE AGENCY FOR

Eastman Kodaks

AND SUPPLIES

Conkling's Self-Filling

FOUNTAIN PENS

A Complete Line of

Drugs : Toilet Articles

AND SUNDRIES

Cor. N. Church and
W. Main Sts.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

SHOCKLEY & BULL

WHOLESALE

GROCERS



SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Spartanburg Railway Gas & Electric Co.

*ELECTRICAL
DEVICES*

FOR THE HOMES

Electric Irons
Laundry Machines
Hot-Water Heaters
Toasters
Coffee Percolators
Chafing-Dishes
Heating Pads
Fans
Sewing-Machine Motors

Those Who Have Used Them
Find Them Indispensable

HARRIS-GRIMES CO.

THE BUSIEST SPOT IN
SPARTANBURG

**Dry Goods and Ready-Made
Women's Apparels**

MORGAN SQUARE

FOR SHOES

For All Times, For Hard Service,
For Comfort, For Wear, Tear
and Economy, there's
only one answer

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.

126 Morgan Square

Spartanburg, S. C.

COLLEGE MEN DO BUSINESS
WITH US

**Southeastern
Life Insurance Company**

W. FRANK HIPPI, General Agent

South Carolina's Oldest Old Line Life
Insurance Company

Paul Y. Little

DEALER IN

South Carolina Meats and Western
Beef

Dressed Poultry, Fish, Oysters and
Country Products

Herring Furniture Co.

EVERYTHING FOR THE
HOME

OLDEST HOUSE IN THE CITY

121 EAST MAIN STREET

CROSBY BROS.

Jewelers

CLASS RINGS, PINS AND MEDALS
MADE TO ORDER

WATCH, JEWELRY AND CLOCK REPAIRING
AND ENGRAVING

DUNBAR BROS. B'LD'G, E. MAIN ST.

MEET ME
AT

Burnett's

NEXT TO
CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

Evins Street Grocery

JUST BEHIND THE COLLEGE

***Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruits,
Tablets, Etc.***

CONVENIENT FOR THE
STUDENTS. CALL AND SEE
US.

C. C. HOLT, Proprietor
PHONE 1095

SAM ECKSTEIN

Merchant Tailor

East Main St.

Next to Spartanburg Gas and Electric Company

*Cecil's
Business
School*

Located in an educational center, we are prepared to give you the best. Learn Penmanship, Book-keeping, English, Short-hand and allied branches. A practical training assures independence. Great demand for graduates. Send for catalogue.

Spartanburg and Anderson, South Carolina

Hygeia Ice & Fuel Plant

Phone 207

DEALERS IN ICE
AND COAL

Office and Factory, Charles Street

PRICE'S

Clothing Bought from Us
Cleaned and Pressed Free

Exclusive Agents for

ED. V. PRICE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

PRICE'S CLOTHING STORE, 116 E. Main St.

Ballenger's Paint Store

Phone 733

*Will Frame Your Picture
and Diplomas*

On Short Notice ALL WORK GUARANTEED

125 North Church St., Spartanburg, S. C.

CHAS. A. MOSS

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Florist

Carnations and Roses a Specialty
Greenhouses near Oakwood Cemetery
Long Distance, Bell Phones, 398-728

Band & White

ALL KINDS OF

College and Commercial

PRINTING

Spartanburg, South Carolina

John A. Walker

The Shoe Man

AGENT FOR

Edwin Clapp, Walkover, Tilt's and Packard's

Style Center for Men

A COMPLETE LINE OF HOSIERY
All College Trade Appreciated

SPARTANBURG, South Carolina

Worth Littlejohn
BARBER

Hot and Cold Baths Electric Massage
Five Chairs

107 MAGNOLIA STREET

Champion Shoe Shop

113 S. Church St.

IS WHERE THE

Wofford Boys

Get their Shoe Work Done
Phone 657

W. M. Freeman & Sons, Prop's

OLYMPIA CAFE

M. A. SCUFFOS, Prop'r

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

A first-class place to get
something good to eat;
everything clean and up-
to-date. Open day and night

Private Dining Rooms for Ladies and Gentlemen
Look for the Big Electric Sign

Phone 603

142 N. Church Street, Spartanburg, S. C.

You Want The Best in Shoes

YOU CAN
ALWAYS
FIND IT AT

Smith-Copeland Shoe Co.'s

For First-Class Groceries

SEE

CHAPMAN
THE GROCER

PHONES 92 AND 703

123 W. Main St., Spartanburg, S. C.

General Hardware

Bath Room Supplies
Crocery and Enamel Ware
Stoves and Ranges
Razors, Scissors, Strops, Hones
and Pocket Knives a Specialty

Phone 22

L. H. LANGSTON HARDWARE COMPANY

132 E. Main Street

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF
Stationery and Office Supplies

ENGRAVED CARDS, INVITATIONS
AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

A SPECIALTY

Let Us Have Your Orders

Hudson & Williams

"The Stationery Shop"

152 EAST MAIN ST., SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A. B. CORRELL

Jeweler

103 E. Main St.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Medical College of Virginia

MEDICINE, DENTISTRY AND PHARMACY

CHRISTOPHER TOMPKINS, M. D., Dean

Excellent laboratory and clinical facilities. Climate salubrious Living expenses low. For catalogue, address

J. R. McCauley, Registrar, Richmond, Va.

JOHN GARY EVANS

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

LUCIUS K. JENNINGS

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

BEN HILL BROWN

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"The Meeting Place"

Central Drug Co.

Successors to Whittington

J. T. JOHNSON

J. WRIGHT NASH

C. E. DANIEL

JOHNSON, NASH & DANIEL

LAWYERS

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

JAMES C. OTTS

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Law Office next to Postoffice

Suites 3 and 3¹/₂, New Harris Building

Practise in State and
Federal Courts

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

ANDREW A. MANNING

LAWYER

General Practise and Negotiation
of Real Estate Loans

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

BENJ. F. SIMS

DENTIST

PHONE 277

103½ WEST MAIN STREET

Atlantic Life Insurance Co.

RICHMOND, VA.

High Interest Earnings.

Economic Management.

Low Mortality.

Low Cost of Insurance to
the Policy-Holder.

F. W. FELKEL, Gen. Agt., Anderson, S. C.

Proficiency

*Is Developed and Inspired by the
Habitual Class-Room Use of*

Waterman's

Regular, Safety
and Self-Filling
Types.

\$2.50

Up

Ideal

Fountain Pen

Without
a Peer
in Pendom

Ask Your Dealer for Waterman's Ideals

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York

CARLISLE & CARLISLE

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

The Rex Theater

SPARTANBURG'S
PREMIER PICTURE PALACE

"Ask Anybody"

